$5,300 IN CASH PRIZES --- See page 16

Movie Weekly

10¢

May 24
1924

Jack DEMPSEY in Movies Again

How Mack SENNETT picks his Bathing Beauties

Virginia Valli
Photo by
EDWIN BOWER HESSER

"IT'S NOT A LAUGH—IT'S A SCREAM!" *replies Pennsylvania Censor*

Henry Starr Richardson, secretary of _Pennsylvania Censorship Board_, answers _Movie Weekly_ writer who recently exposed the _State Board's_ "rules" in an article of withering satire —_Mr. Richardson_ now hurls defiance at foes of _censorship_—We ask you to pick the winner

By Henry Starr Richardson

THE editor of Movie Weekly was good enough to send advance copy of an article entitled: "God Help Pennsylvania!" to the writer, with the request for comment and the promise to print. It is a somewhat hysterical attack upon what its writer assumes to be the standards of the Pennsylvania State Board of Censors of Moving Pictures, upon the censors themselves, upon the dignity which judges assume, ditto of clergymen—and many other things. It concludes with the line: "Try to laugh it off, Pennsylvania, if you can."

Laugh! If the fulminations of an irresponsible, half-baked slinger of words, to whom the facts with which they are supposed to be related are of no importance whatsoever, might excite more than curious interest as to how one "gets that way," there is a real laugh in this article. The antics of a clown excite the risibilities of the adolescent; the antics of this literary clown do not hand the people of the State of Pennsylvania a laugh, but are the basis for what, in vaudeville, is called "a scream." (And through process of association, vaudeville comes to one's mind on reading this lucubration).

It "seems" to the writer of that mass of words, "that this board of Pennsylvania censors has entered into a conspiracy designed to keep the truth about life off the moving picture screens." As no individual, any more than one board, can enter into a conspiracy with himself, we do not accuse him of conspiring to keep the truth about his subject matter out of his article, but grant that he has been able to do so, without entering into a conspiracy.

"They have constituted themselves into a guardianship," he asserts of the censors, ignoring the fact that the representatives of the people of Pennsylvania, in their General Assembly, by the Act of May 15, 1915, creating the State Board of Censors, did whatever constituting has been done; adding that the censors keep from the poor people of that State the "most fundamental facts of life," as if the people of Pennsylvania were so ignorant that without the screen they would never know the fundamental facts of life, not to mention the superlative degree of an adjective which cannot be compared.

"The intelligent presentation of the white slavery problem on the screen would be the most effective approach to ending it altogether," he says, adding the "altogether" for good measure and bad syntax. It may be so, but what have the censors to do with that; or what has the screen to do with it, either, since the screen is a form of entertainment and the police and authorities are constituted to attend to violations of the law. The censors in Pennsylvania address themselves only to what is manifestly immoral or indecent, and if scenes of that kind were presented in a so-called "white slavery" picture, they would be cut. Out of the nine millions of people in Pennsylvania, there are mighty few, if any, parents who send their children to the "movies" in order that they may learn not to fall the prey of prostitution; or, who want their children to be entertained at the "movies" with the intimate details of life among the prostitutes.

HERE ARE THE FACTS!

James Craig Gordon, in the issue of Movie Weekly for May 17th, declared that the censorship laws of Pennsylvania were a loud, long laugh. Mr. Gordon then proceeded to show just why they were.

In this issue Henry Starr Richardson, the secretary of the Pennsylvania State Board of Censorship, replies to Mr. Gordon's attack, defending the censorship laws.

And then Mr. Richardson proceeds to say in his concluding paragraph that the present censorship laws were inherited from a former board and are practically disregarded by the present board, which is more concerned, as he puts it—with censoring than with standards.

That is the situation.

AND NOW LET THE PUBLIC JUDGE!

The writer of the article in question is "told" and "informed" that the Pennsylvania censorship board "declined to let the spectators have any advance information at all about the coming of Annie's baby (in "Way Down East"). In fact, all pre-natal and childbed scenes were disapproved." He then asks the question: "Do they (the censors) suppose that the people who go to see moving pictures in Pennsylvania are in ignorance of the biological processes by which babies are born?" with a lot of drivel about "do they consider motherhood immoral?" and "do they consider it immoral for people to be aware that a woman is to become a mother?"

The answer to all these questions is "No." It is because the Pennsylvania censors believe that the people are informed of the ordinary biological facts relating to human birth that they do not consider it necessary to exploit on the screen all the pathological and obstetrical details of childbirth, or even realistic exhibitions of a young woman in labor pains. It was the latter choice bits which were ordered out of "Way Down East"—those and nothing else relating to that phase of the picture. Labor pain scenes, and obstetrical scenes, in other pictures, have likewise been ordered out. And now, may we ask, where did the writer get his misinformation? Who "told" him, and why did he not come to this Board if he really wanted facts?

IT is a wonder he did not use the time-worn story that we cut out "It's a boy" from the "Four Horsemen," which has served so long and variously to those who want to attack the Pennsylvania censors and do not care to be bound by the truth.

Just as the writer of this silly article argues for showing of scenes of prostitiution on the screen, so does he contend that the screen must forget its duty as an art and a form of entertainment and crusade against the drug habit. He wonders "if the censors are aware that there are now procurers whose business it is to make drug addicts, to introduce the drug habit to people who have never used it," and if he really wishes an answer, let it be recorded that the censors in question are all newspaper men of ripe experience, but they do not hurrah at the idea of spreading on the screen knowledge and information of all the ways and means by which such criminals, or others, ply their trades; with plans and specifications which carry direct suggestion of how easily it may be done.

It may be added that Governor Pinchot is firm in his belief that such pictures may do much harm and can do little good. We realize that the writer of the article disagrees *in toto* with Governor Pinchot; but, we feel that Governor Pinchot is losing no sleep over that, while we know that he is very positive and vigorous in the orders he gives.

Says our rib-tickling writer, "'Oliver Twist,' by Charles Dickens, is a recognized classic. Yet, under that regulation, 'Oliver Twist' could not be exhibited on the screens of Pennsylvania." Our writer and facts cannot be friends, for in this, as in all other instances, they disagree. "Oliver Twist" was shown in Pennsylvania, and with few, unimportant, eliminations. He has not space to mention other classics which would be prohibited, but he does mention "Les Miserables" and "Macbeth," both of which the censors passed.

HE is much perturbed because he says we do not ban absolutely "the glorification of the crook," which is precisely what we do, as well as all that holds the crook and his work up to admiration, especially, when as a crook he is also what is technically called the "hero" of the play, and through the psychology of drama, carries the sympathy of an audience.

"No stabbings," cries our critic clown. "That lets out 'Hamlet.'" Yet, "Hamlet" was passed, and he again refers to a long list of plays which would be stopped, but which space forbids him to mention, and which, I suspect, would all be passed, for he does mention "Lucia," and I think a tab-

(Continued on page 29)

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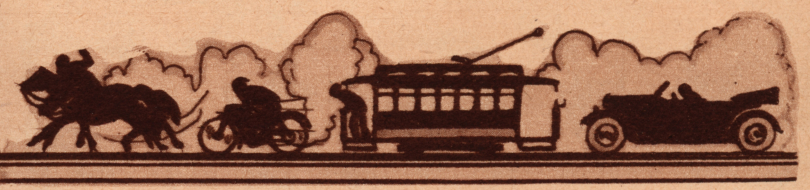


Harold Lloyd

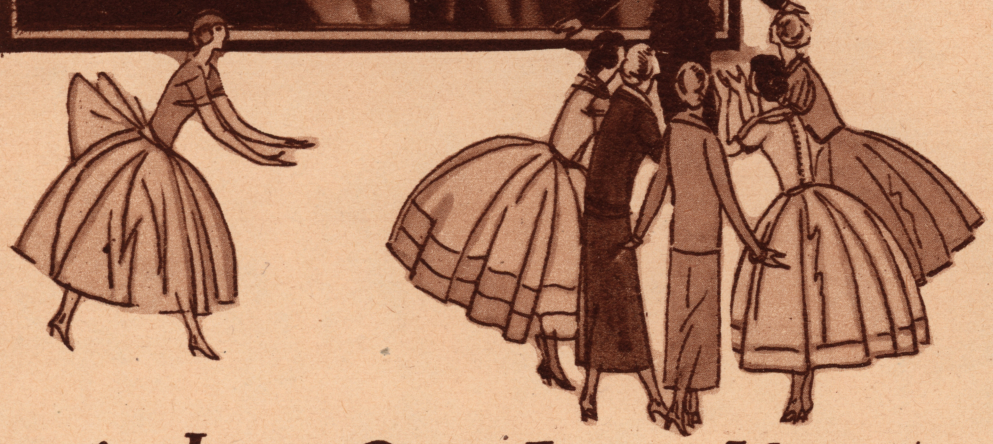
in "Girl Shy"

¶ People have grown accustomed to expecting that each Harold Lloyd comedy shall be [illegible] better than his last.

¶ Many persons thought that it was humanly impossible to improve on "Safety Last" and "Why Worry," but Lloyd has done it.

¶ "Girl Shy" is a masterpiece of mirth. It is an hour and a half of the best entertainment you ever had.

¶ See it; ask for it—at your favorite theatre.



It's Just One Long Uninterrupted Laugh

¶ "A thing of unflagging delight; of laughter almost uninterrupted."—*N. Y. SUN.*

¶ "Along toward the end the audience so increased its mirth one wondered seriously whether quiet ever could be restored."—*N. Y. WORLD.*

¶ "Lloyd's latest is his funniest."—*N. Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE.*

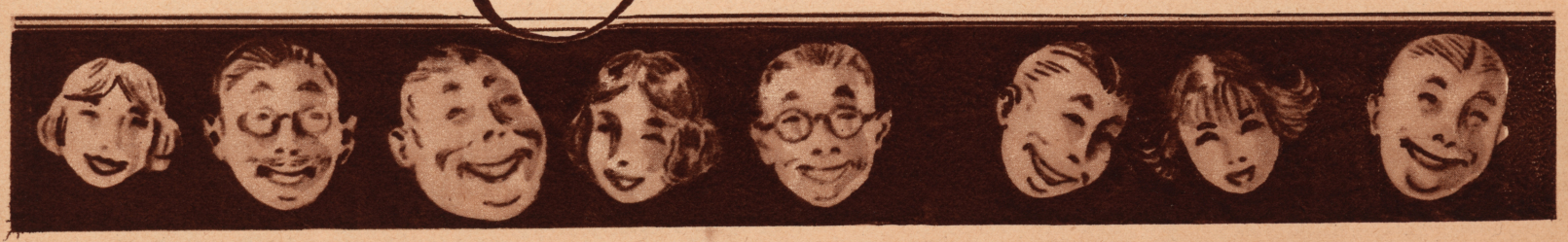
¶ "Filled with farcical sequences. The packed theatre enjoyed it to their hearts' content."—*N. Y. TIMES.*

¶ "It is a peach."— *MORNING TELEGRAPH.*

¶ "A scintillating sensation."—*N. Y. EVENING JOURNAL.*

¶ "We have seldom, if ever, heard more laughs per minute than rocked the Strand Theatre during 'Girl Shy.' "—*N. Y. EVENING WORLD.*

A Pathé Picture



How Mack SENNETT

Natalie Kingston, new *Mack Sennett* beauty, parades the beach with *Jo-Jo,* her *Russian* wolfhound.

Method whereby *veteran producer* selects the members of his *beach beauty chorus* is explained herein — Measurements are a vital matter with *Mack*

By Charles F. Berry

THEY'RE back again, those Mack Sennett bathing beauties. Like the nickel cigar, the Ziegfeld Follies, and Mr. Ford's famous vehicle, they have become a part of our national institution. What is a baseball game without a lucky seventh inning, or a Ben Turpin comedy without the mermaid chorus?

When the news was broadcasted that Neptune's daughters would again hold frolic at the Sennett studios, thousands of girls in America and Europe aspired to belong to the lucky dozen. Letters and photographs flooded the desk of the famous star picker, and the girl at the information desk was busy arranging interviews with Mr. Sennett.

As the Follies chorus is known as the great school of the stage, the starting point of many a great actress, so is the bathing chorus known as the incubator of screen stars. Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Mary Thurman, Betty Compson, Phillis Haver, Marie Prevost, and Alberta Vaughn are among the many luminaries that have graduated from the Sennett comedy lot.

Who were to be the fortunate girls? To belong to this aggregation of wave-teasers is to be known as one of the fairest of screen players.

Recently, in a competition between the rarest charmers of the stage and screen, the decision was awarded to Mack Sennett's choice.

So much has been said about the influence that is required to get into pictures, that many girls have despaired of their chance. Others have dared risk their hopes. From all over the world they came, some with years of stage and screen experience, others fresh from that proverbial little village of Podunk.

WITH Mr. Sennett they all have an equal chance. By the process of elimination, they are sent along the road to fame or back to their village of Podunk. Never a day passes but some hopeful applicant applies at his studio. He is not the cold, impartial judger of beauty, but a deeply sympathetic man who reads hopes and ambitions and aching hearts.

"It's pitiable," he told me with a touch of emotion, "how many girls aspire to pictures, who haven't a chance in the world. I tell them frankly. It grieves me that I can't tell them before they make the long journey to Hollywood. It was with this purpose that I produced 'The Extra Girl'—to show the hopelessness of it all."

"But now and then there comes a girl who has the qualifications. To join the bathing chorus, she must first of all be a swimmer. She must radiate with health. The doll-

Between "takes" on *Santa Monica* beach. Standing: *Thelma Hill, Margaret Cloud, Hazel Williams, Alice Day, Dorothy Dor*[illegible] Seated: *Evelyn Francisco, Cecile Evans, Gladys Tennyson.*

picks his Bathing Beauties

This is *Mack Sennett's perfect* 34. The young lady is *Madeline Hurlock.*

like type of beauty is not nearly as charming on the screen as the vivacious, radiant, athletic type of girl."

THOSE who would join this well-known screen chorus must have youthful charm and possess a perfect figure. Of course, good looks are in all ways desirable, but Mr. Sennett attaches more importance to figure than to features. Madeline Hurlock, called the most beautifully formed girl in America, and the winner of many contests, is Mr. Sennett's ideal as the perfect figure.

Venus de Milo, of classic fame, would hardly have a chance to get into the bathing chorus, according to the standards set by Mr. Sennett. The so-called perfect thirty-six is no longer considered the perfect bust measurement. Thirty-four inches lends a figure that is much more pleasing to the American conception of beauty.

Madeline Hurlock, who has the distinction of being the only vampire in comedies, possesses the 34 bust. She is 5 feet 3½ inches high and weighs 120 pounds. Her measurement at the neck is 12½ inches, waist 24 inches, hips 35 inches, ankle 7½ inches, forearm 9 inches, wrist 5½ inches, upper arm 10 inches, thigh 21 inches.

This is Mack Sennett's standard of form. It is, of course, necessary that the aspirant possess features that pass the camera test, which is a heartbreaker, for many a girl beautiful to look upon does not photograph at all well. Another requirement is that the girl's beauty be not bold, but shy, demure and alluring. At the same time she must be vigorous, athletic and energetic, which is a difficult combination. Besides being excellent swimmers, nearly all of the bathing girls are skilful horsewomen, top-notch tennis players and golfers.

Regardless of previous experience, a girl who possesses all these qualifications and has the inherent ability of an actress, has the chance to be listed some day with the stars who have graduated from the bathing comedies.

The much-quoted remark that bobbed-haired girls are no longer wanted in pictures carries no weight in the selection. Mary Akin is the only water sprite on the lot who hasn't bobbed hair. But it just happened that way—it was her shapely figure and her hands, which are, perhaps, the most perfect in the world, that won her position. Blonde or brunette, it makes no difference. Cecile Evans has red hair to crown a figure that has brought her distinction in many contests. It's the sculptor's idea of beauty that counts.

After this summary of the number of attainments and talent that a girl must possess in order to achieve a place in Sennett's chorus, do you wonder that they rise to fame? A girl with so many prepossessing qualities would be deserving of all the honors in store for her. When Mack Sennett chooses a beauty, his judgment is widely regarded and respected as being authoritative. Needless to say, these girls take the greatest care, at all times, to preserve their looks. In addition to the devices of the boudoir, they include vigorous training and athletic indulgence. A good figure requires a certain sum of thinking to keep it good.

"Don't you look at the boys!" *Thelma Hill* is saying to *Elsie Tarron* on the beach of *Santa Monica.*

Ricardo Cortez
Photo by
PACH BROS.

"I want to stay Married!" Says Gladys WALTON

Gladys Walton*, dainty little *screen star*, tells the secret of her *life's happiness* — Is just an *old-fashioned wife

By David A. Balch

WE have never had a "crush" on a movie star. For one thing, we have never (and we should like all screen stars to know this) received any particular encouragement; so our fancy, as it were, has remained uncaptured. But we can truthfully say that the nearest we have come to being smitten was with dainty little Gladys Walton, with whom we lunched one day recently at the Hotel Pennsylvania. It was only the presence of Miss Walton's husband, a vigorous young man of thirty, that held our ardor within bounds.

In the first place, Miss Walton is curiously unlike most movie stars in that she is more attractive off the screen than she is on it. This is not meant as a dubious compliment. She has exquisite coloring, for one thing, and the rarest of blue eyes—which are things that are lost entirely on the screen. Her whole appearance is like a pastel—a delicate blue and rose and brown, in which the rich brown of her soft waving hair seems to cluster with incredible daintiness over her well-shaped forehead.

Again, we've never felt like describing a woman's clothing before, for we never felt we really could; but the effect of Miss Walton's light blue dress of silk crepe, or something, and her turban-shaped light blue hat was such as to bring out the beauty of her eyes and cheeks and hair with a clarity and a purity of tone that was simply bewildering in its perfection.

We're saying all this because we mean it. We have never seen a woman or a girl whose general appearance was so immaculately dainty. She seemed the very last word in ravishing loveliness. And when we've said that, we've said everything.

All of this we repeat, is an effect gained not from seeing her on the screen, which we have done in the past, but from meeting her in person, and now, having got this established, we want to give you an idea of what she's like—the sort of person Gladys Walton really is and why we admired her in such unmeasured terms.

"I'm not a 'new woman,'" declared *Miss Walton*. "I'm just an old-fashioned 'clinging vine' sort of girl who wants to lean on her husband."

"You're just married, aren't you?" we asked, as we took our place at a table in the dining-room of the Pennsylvania. Mrs. Herbel, which is Miss Walton's name in private life, was on our left, while Mr. Herbel, the fortunate young man, was on our right.

"Oh no," she answered with a sweet schoolgirl sort of smile. "We've been married more than a year." She gazed fondly at her husband who gazed fondly back at her.

"Splendid!" we murmured. "And have you taken any vacations from each other during that time? — which seems to be so much the fashion nowadays?"

SHE shook her head and laughed.

"No, indeed," she told us.. "We're married and we want to stay married, don't we, Henry?"

Mr. Herbel nodded emphatically.

"I'll say we do," he answered. "We haven't been separated so far for even a day and we're not going to be. We're not going to take any chances of losing each other, are we, Gladys?"

Miss Walton smiled fondly in reply.

"No," she said, "we're not. Everywhere I go, I hear women talking about their rights and their freedom, so far as their husbands are concerned. It seems to me that such women don't love their husbands very deeply. If they did, they wouldn't worry over their 'freedom.' They would just be happy in their love, as I am; for I can truthfully say that I'm not a 'new woman' I'm just an old-fashioned 'clinging vine' sort of girl who wants to lean on her husband and have him shield her from all unpleasantness. Now that's not very progressive, is it?" she asked with a radiant smile and another fond glance at the person on our right.

"We think it's wonderful," we returned. "And now, tell us how you happened to get in pictures."

"Well," she said quietly, "I got in quite easily while I was visiting some friends in Los Angeles. I was going to school in Oklahoma and I went to Los Angeles to visit some friends on my vacation. While I was there, someone suggested that I go up to the studios nearby and get a job in the comedies that were being done. I did this more as a lark than anything else, but to my surprise, I was promptly accepted and played in three comedies. Then came the time for me to return home to school. Just as I was about

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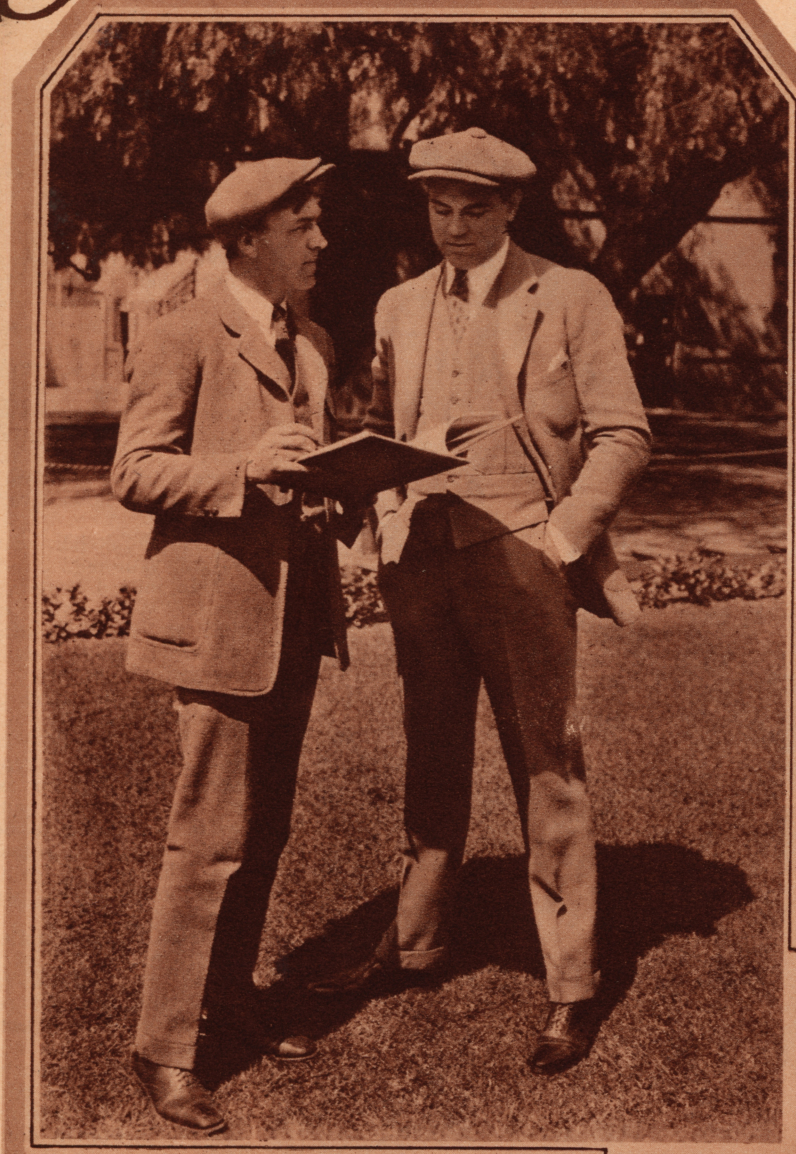
Jack DEMPSEY, Heavyweight *Dons Movie*



Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champ, talks over his new picture scenario with *Gerald Beaumont*, the author.

Movie Weekly correspondent interviews _heavyweight champ_, who has just signed _big film contract_, and asks him how he likes the _movies_

By Grace Kingsley

"WHAT in the world shall I say to him?" I kept thinking all the way out to Hollywood and Universal City, where I was to interview the champ. "I suppose he will be punching the bag, and will make a few noises like a caveman!"

But when I arrived on the set, here was Jack Dempsey dressed in evening clothes and working hard—with the powder puff!

"I suppose he will be as heavy as lead, mentally, and they'll have to sweat blood to get any acting out of him," I went on commenting to myself.

But again he fooled me! He went through that scene—it was a little comedy scene in which he split his borrowed evening coat in stooping to pick up a lady's glove—like a trouper.

"Say, the funniest thing about this scene," he called out humorously, "is watching me try to do it!

"Now here's going to be the best scene of the day," Jack drawled, "I'm going to turn my back to the camera!"

Jess Robbins, who is directing the champ, came over to assure me confidentially that Dempsey is taking right hold—that he catches the spirit of a scene at once, and takes direction like lightning, and that he does everything exceedingly well, though he is not yet just used to the camera and the acting mechanics.

"I have been fighting all my life with never a quiver at the sight of crowds, but when I face that camera, I'm nervous," said Jack. "I did a serial once, but of course that was the black-and-blue and not acting.

"Oh, I'm not doing any fighting at all in these pictures, you see—they just show the off-stage life of the fighter!"

So they're trying to turn the matinee idols into fighters, and the real fighters into matinee idols! Well, well!

"Are you going to do any romantic scenes," I asked, "make love to anybody? You see," I told him, "all the girls are going to be just as anxious to behold your love-making technique as the men are to see your fighting technique."

"Well, I shan't mind if I do," answered Jack gallantly, "now that I've seen Esther Ralston and Carmelita Geraghty!"

HOWEVER, it seems we ladies are to be disappointed! Jack is to fall in love in this story, but—— However, I'm not going to tell you about it.

"Do you enjoy this?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, lots of fun!" said Jack. "But," he added modestly, "I really think that in the long run I'd better stick to fighting!"

It is that modesty that makes up a large share of Jack Dempsey's appeal. It keeps him boyish. And it is not put on. It is that boyishness in connection with his vital strength that constitutes his fascination for women. If he tried any caveman stuff, any course bluff, he would be gone. But he seems so charmingly helpless, in spite of his size and strength, that any woman feels that in some way she must help take care of him. And that feeling aroused is fatal.

He is a friendly boy, too, and so marvelously good-humored.

"A great boy to marry," the girls say to themselves. "He would always be so good-natured—never have a peeve on from indigestion, nor be cranky about money on account of his liver. And, of course, I could manage him!"

Having an argument with the director. *Jack* is seen here talking to *William Desmond*, who will direct the big boy in pictures.

Champion, Doffs Ring Togs and Make-up

There is just a little bit of Delilah in every woman when she beholds a Samson!

Speaking of Dempsey's good humor, he doesn't mind being kidded in the least, and always has a come-back.

Chuck Reisner, an old pal of his, who is playing the heavy in this picture, called over to him:

"Valentino, oh, Valentino!"

Jack didn't answer. Presently he came over to talk to us.

"You didn't answer when Chuck called you Valentino?" I rallied him.

"No," drawled Jack, "I didn't want to discourage Rudy!"

Then Robbins called him back to the set, and I watched Dempsey work.

HE has the clearest, keenest, steadiest brown eyes in the world, and he concentrates on his director when the latter is giving instructions, just as he concentrates on his antagonist's movements in the ring. Here is a new antagonist to down—this acting business—and he is going at it as calmly and with as firm-set jaw as he would go at any other antagonist. He just simply doesn't mean to be beaten, that's all; and he won't be.

He hasn't the slightest illusion about his looks or appearance. And he has no wild ambitions to play Romeo or Shylock or Hamlet. He merely doesn't intend this acting thing to beat him.

His pantomime is first class, and so is the spirit in which he enters into a scene. The first, because of his beautifully trained muscles, his synchronization of thought and action; the second because he has large powers of concentration and somewhere in him a sense of drama as well as a sense of humor.

Next came a little scene in which Dempsey as the young fighter who has just made his first pile, comes

Making him up as a movie sheik. *Jack* is here seen receiving the finishing touch to his movie makeup.

Boxing with the young son of *Carl Laemmle*, is one of the champion's daily diversions.

to hand his old manager half the money. There is a bit of pathos, here, and Jack did it well. I told him so when he joined me after the scene.

Jack smiled whimsically.

"Yes, that was sad," he responded drolly. "Didn't seem natural—giving my manager all that money!"

Jack Dempsey is not only taking his picture work seriously, or at least earnestly; he is training for it as methodically as he ever trained for a fight. When he isn't working himself, he is over on other sets watching other actors at work.

"He takes me aside," said Reisner, "and comments on various actors' work. He doesn't say much, at that, because he doesn't feel that he knows anything about the business yet, and he doesn't criticize. He just watches"

OH, yes, and he has music on his set!

"He never said a word about music," said his director, "but one day he asked me to go over to another set, where an orchestra was playing. I asked him if he would like to have music on our set, and his face lighted up like a kid's. We gave him an accordeon and a violin, and all he ever wants played is either simple ballads or jazz."

So Jack Dempsey, despite all his strength, has an artless Japanese way of getting what he wants!

Jack is as easy as an old shoe. There is no up-stageness about him. Everybody on the set calls him "Champ," and he is pals with everybody. Not an electrician or a stage hand but will ask him for a cigarette or a light.

He leaves all the main-strength stuff for the ring, in fact.

Jack Dempsey is continuing with his training as strenuously as ever. He has training quarters at Universal City—a large bungalow containing gymnasium, dressing (*Continued on page* 30)

Blonde WIVES in Demand!

Sigrid Holmquist is a *Swedish* beauty—than which there is no blonder.

Survey of *West Coast* situation reveals that *screen* is suffering from shortage of *fair-haired heroines*

By James M. Fidler

MARRIAGEABLE males are showing a marked preference for blondes.

Fair feminine creatures with light or golden tresses need not worry about leap year, for they can find a husband any old day.

Bless us, but it is a fact! Statistics, which I have spent a long time gathering together, would indicate that when it comes to having opportunities to say "Yes" or "No" to love-insane members of the sterner sex, the blondes have it all over the brunettes. The margin is wide, too, so I can't very well pun that the blondes win by a hair.

Perusing the long list of eligibles among the fair stars of the screen and stage, one name immediately arises in the minds of everyone—Peggy Hopkins Joyce. The blonde Peggy has been rumored engaged so many times that no one else stands in a class with her. Of course, many of her reported engagements are denied by all parties concerned, but some wise sage once remarked: "Where there is smoke, there is fire." First place in the "proposal race" goes easily to Peggy Hopkins.

Second place seems also to belong to a blonde. She is none other than our old friend Mildred Harris, who has dropped the final "Chaplin" from her calling cards. Yes, Charlie's former wife. Just about once a week, on an average, comes a rumor that Mildred is about to resume matrimony. First it was an oil millionaire, then Miss Harris admitted that "her thoughts dwelt very fondly on an unknown young man of the Middle West."

"But," appended the demure Mildred, "I am not certain anything will come of it. I like Hollywood." And this pointed remark seems to spell the demise of the young Lochinvar who refuses to come out of the Middle West to get his blonde lady.

Claire Windsor rises to seize upon third honors. Claire has been married—but so has Mildred Harris. As for Peggy, it has been rumored that she was at one time a married woman. In fact, she has been divorced numerous times. Claire vows she will think long and hard before she accepts another man for better or worse. That may mean she will never marry, for nowadays, when a woman thinks long enough, she invariably decides against matrimony. But despite her assertion, rumored engagements in which Miss Windsor figures as the principal party are continually keeping the Los Angeles newspaper reporters on the hop. So far Claire has denied every such report.

Now I find a little group of lovely young ladies running along neck and neck. They are Jacqueline Logan, Phillis Haver, Pauline Garon, Sigrid Holmquist, Alberta Vaughn, May McAvoy and—goodness, look who is here—Pola Negri.

IF fan mail proposals may be counted, Jacqueline Logan steps into the fore, with Gloria Swanson right on her heels. Shortly behind them trail Virginia Valli (who is married already, by the way), Florence Vidor and (here is a good one) Alberta Vaughn. This Miss Vaughn seems to be as much in demand as "The Covered Wagon." I find she is well up in the fore in rumored engagements, while her fan mail indicates that she receives plenty of matrimonial opportunities via Uncle Sam's postal service.

Starting with the day the stories of her divorce were printed, Gloria Swanson became the recipient of a steady run of fan mail proposals. Her secretary vows that she had

(*Continued on page 29*)

Jacqueline Logan, who is a brunette of the type now most generally popular.

Claire Windsor, who is one of the noted blonde beauties of the screen.

A CREATOR of PERSONALITIES

Clare West*, designer of *screen costumes*, reveals how she chooses the *style* that will fit the person for whom she is *designing :: :: :: ***By Alice Tildesley***

A costume designed by *Miss Tildesley* for *Alma Rubens*, and worn by her in *"Cytherea."*

Clare West, expert designer of women's costumes for the silent drama.

IN at the guarded gates of the United Studios in Hollywood, along the paved roads inside and there, set in a neat, railed-in plot of grass and flowers, is a doll-sized house marked "Wardrobe." It looks as if it belonged on the stage; as if, presently, the curtain would rise and the leading lady would emerge from its quaint door . . .

But the leading lady in this scene has no time for posing in doorways, no matter how quaint. Her name is Clare West, her profession the creation of personalities, her medium, clothes, and her clients, a galaxy of stars that twinkle on the screen.

Within the little building that seems to be sister to those delightful homes in "Pomander Walk," the woman who decides what Alma Rubens shall wear in her newest picture, and how Claire Windsor can progress from childish innocence to lovely self-possession, works with her shining shears.

She's been doing it for fifteen years—ever since "Intolerance," the first picture specially designed for; she did all the costumes for that mammoth production, "The Ten Commandments"; and for years Gloria Swanson's exquisite gowns came from her hands.

Here, in Miss West's own "studio," are rows of mannikins, each wearing a famous one's name. "Barbara La Marr," reads the label on this — "Constance Talmadge," reads that—patient dummies ready to serve as canvasses for the dreams of an artist.

"I get an impression, from reading the script, of what the character should be," explained Miss West, "then I talk with the girl who is to play the part. I never make a gown for a girl whom I haven't seen. I have to know what she's like. After I've watched her while she talks, I can tell what to do with her.

Costume worn by *Barbara La Marr* in *"The White Moth,"* which *Miss West* designed.

"There are things, you see," she elaborated with a smile, "that have to be brought out—emphasized—by a gown—other things that must be covered up. I go by the character that is to be put on the screen, rather than by the girl herself; then I build the gown so that the girl can get the effect desired more easily across.

"For instance, take the 'White Moth' gowns for Barbara La Marr. In each gown, you will notice that the idea of a moth is carried out all the way through, except that in the one black evening gown used in a big scene, the sable hue indicated the tragedy that hung over the poor 'White Moth.'

"The effect is always in my mind. I work entirely in colors, usually three gradations of color, and do my own buying, fitting and cutting. The color is especially important to me; I couldn't work with shades that jar, I must have those that blend or harmonize, and in all the fifteen years that I've been designing them, I haven't mis-cut a single gown nor had one turned down."

Miss West called her little maid and asked for the latest costume for Claire Windsor, just that morning finished—a marvelous clinging affair of orchid Georgette trimmed in ostrich feather bands and crystal beads, with a long cape to match, lined in deeper purple.

"Claire Windsor can wear that beautifully—she's a delicate, not too pronounced type. I can put sweet things on her, if it's necessary to her part. Barbara La Marr has such a vivid personality herself that she would swamp the ordinary sumptuous or gorgeous gown. I have to put simple things on her—slim things with long lines.

"I'VE loved working with Barbara—it's been one of the pleasantest engagements I've ever had. She would come in for her fitting, and perhaps I'd say: 'What do you think of this sleeve—or neckline—or the length of the skirt—or something like that?' 'Oh, whatever you think about it!' she'd answer, "you know what I need.' You see, I merely fit the lining on the girl—she doesn't see the gown at all until it is finished.

"Barbara—you should have seen how sweet she was about it! She would wait like a child in her dressing room until I sent for her to put on the gown. Then the minute it was on, off she would go to the studio set to do her next scene. Never any comment on the style or the color or the fit—just slip into it and work!

"Gloria Swanson—you see, Gloria was my first star, so I use her as an illustration, although there are lots of others. It sounds odd to say so now, but at first I was simply horrified at the idea of taking hold of Gloria!

"I was in the studio over at Lasky's, and C. B. said—(Mr. De Mille, I mean)—'I want you to look at that girl over there—she's our new star.' I looked. *Oh!*" Miss West's expressive face added volumes to that "Oh!"

(*Continued on page* 31)

My own story

By Rudolph Valentino

Ancient catacombs near *Rome*, that *Rudy* and *Natacha* visited.

Rome, September 11th.

NATACHA has gone. She left, and I saw her go, with regret only too slightly mixed with that same sense of right doing that comes from sacrifice. I knew that she should go. Not only for the business reasons, the imperativeness of which gave her the final impetus to go, but also because she really is not up to further motoring. The nervous collapses she has had since we reached Europe were harbingers of this very thing, and I shall be, in a sense, more comfortable, if very lonely, knowing that she is with our father and mother, comfortably and restfully awaiting my return.

People frequently say to me that married couples should separate now and then. For esthetic reasons, I suppose they mean. But I dont' agree with them. If harmony is established in marriage, separation disturbs it rather than increases it. And only when the good of one or the other is involved should a separation take place. It is human nature to be lonely, and it is human nature to try to alleviate loneliness by one means or another. It is that very factor that does disturb so many stage and screen and other professional marriages. It is not that the people involved are any more or less fine than other people in other walks of life, but only that they are, perhaps, more sensitive and more highly keyed in conjunction with the fact that the exigencies of their work, not their desires, frequently place them where they are.

I am alone today for the first time in many months. I could write a dissertation on loneliness if I had the time. It is like a mist from the sea striking chill to the bone.

In an hour or two we start for Campo Basso, where my brother is. Auntie, my sister and I. Auntie and my sister have arranged to sit together in the back seat of the car so that they may not know the worst that the road (and again my driving!) has to hold for them. Natacha says that I am either neurotic about my prowess at the wheel, or else that I have a guilty conscience, else I would not dwell so constantly upon it. I tell her that my record speaks for me. I have nothing to say.

Now for the next lap of the journey!

"People frequently say to me," declares *Mr. Valentino* in this autobiography of his travels abroad, "that married couples should separate now and then . . . But I don't agree with them."

Campo Basso, September 12th.

WE had a wonderful road yesterday, from Rome to Campo Basso. I found myself wishing desperately that Natacha had been along to observe my tactics on that unwontedly good stretch of road. And there was marvelous scenery on the way there. Almost impossible to describe. The landscape kept shifting all of the time and one would have to have a kaleidoscope for a mind to be able to do it justice. Shifting beauty . . . colors that dissolved into other colors . . . grandeurs that gave way to grandeurs . . .

Even the people kept changing, as is the way in my country. Their costumes, their customs, their official languages. Their dialects, even. So that it was one panorama of continual change.

THE only way one could perfectly express it and draw a true picture would be to have a picture camera and shoot right along as you go. If I should start describing, I would out-Cook Cook, and out-Baedecker Baedecker, and would, in the bargain, write volumes and volumes that would doubtless interest only those few who are genuine and authentic lovers of scenery. Few people are, I find.

Cities have a beauty that is as marvelous as the beauty of the countrysides to me. They are enchanted spots if you see them with your eyes half closed. Pinnacles, towers and turrets, opalescent and serene, piercing the very skies with a kind of a daring and courage that is breath-taking. They are none the less majestic because they are man-made, for they are born of towering dreams and inspired, even though unconsciously, by the turrets of high mountains, the lift of rock foundations, the sweep of ancient pyramids.

And so I won't attempt the volumes here . . . some day, perhaps, when I am an old man with a long white beard and my fund of picture reminiscences has run out, I shall return to the scenes of splendor I have traversed on this trip and give my picture of it to a waiting world.

We did see, however, a very interesting sight as we neared Campo Basso in the province of Abruzzi in the Appenines. The country people hereabouts have still preserved their ancient and ancestral costumes as well as the like customs. On this particular day they were just coming back from a *fiera*, or market day. From the hamlets and small villages round about they go, driving their cattle, their pigs, carrying their produce, whether of the loom, or the fields, or the vineyards, their milk and cheese to sell, everything they have. And also to buy there what they will need for some time to come.

It is a medieval sight and rich with atmosphere and color. It seems more like a page out of some old medieval volume than an actual sight seen in this modern twentieth century.

All of the scattered people, and those near at hand, too, meet on this particular day. Generally it is the day of some saint and is connected with some religious ceremony. Then, when they arrive at their destination, there is usually a circus or something else by way of amusement. Business and pleasure are here equally and pleasantly combined. They generally remain two or three days, feasting, bargaining, sight-seeing, gossiping, making love and making merry, and then they go back to their various homes, stored up with memories for a long time to come.

We met them all as they were coming back. They were dressed in gaudy, colorful clothes, most of them were carrying things on their heads. Few of them have carts and so they walk, those who have carts driving ahead of them what they have bought. It was a very interesting sight to me and at no time during my trip did I so wish for a

# of my TRIP ABROAD

Lingering awhile longer in Rome, Rudy and Natacha, the screen star's beautiful and charming wife, finally turn their faces toward Campo Basso—As the time draws near for Rudy to arrive in his own home town of Castellaneta, he grows restive—Join him on his travels

motion picture camera as I did during that hour. There were marvelous types there. Marvelous coloring of costumes. Some of the very young girls were perfect types, the most perfect I have yet seen.

From the ages of thirteen, to say seventeen or eighteen, some of these young girls—the very young ones—are extraordinarily beautiful. Then, almost invariably, they marry . . . get fat . . . let themselves go. They pass a certain stage, a certain phase, during which they bloom miraculously. And then, almost over-night, it is gone. It has been said that the most perfect beauty is that which has been touched ever so slightly with impending decay. That is why some artists claim that women in their thirties are the most beautiful, because the time is not far off when the delicate bloom will begin to pale, the fresh petals crisp a little at the bright edges. I have heard artists say this very thing. And, if it is true, then some of the young girls in this province are indeed beautiful, for they have the beauty that one in any sense familiar with them knows inevitably and very briefly doomed.

THEIR general type runs to very white teeth, hair as black as the blackest part of the night piled and worn straight down, dazzling complexions that seem to have caught and combined the warm Italian sun, the full-flooded moon, the tinge of the grape. I said to my sister and to Auntie that a motion picture director looking for types would find a veritable wealth of material here. All sorts of types, too, not only the young beauty type. Character types. Old men. Old women. Mothers with tiny babes clinging to their skirts, to their hands and arms and knees.

And I have never seen anything of this sort in a picture. That is why I believe that if you are to take a picture having to do with Italy, or any other country, want *locales*, want special types of character, the only place that it can be truly and rightly done is in that special country.

People say, "But why travel? We can build the locales. We can imitate the types." Maybe . . . maybe . . . but I don't think so. Not for the people who know. And it is, I think, a common tendency to undervalue what the fans know. They know more than they, often charitably, say that they know. What you build isn't *it*, after all. It is imitation, and while imitation may be flattery, may be ingenuity, may be skilful, may even be past detection, it isn't the thing itself. It can't be. Besides, these true types on the screen would be immensely interesting to everyone. And I hope some day that if I do a picture with an Italian setting and a call for these types, I can do it here, where these types are, so that people in America will see something new. Real nature. Not people and places made up to look like nature and deceiving fewer than they think.

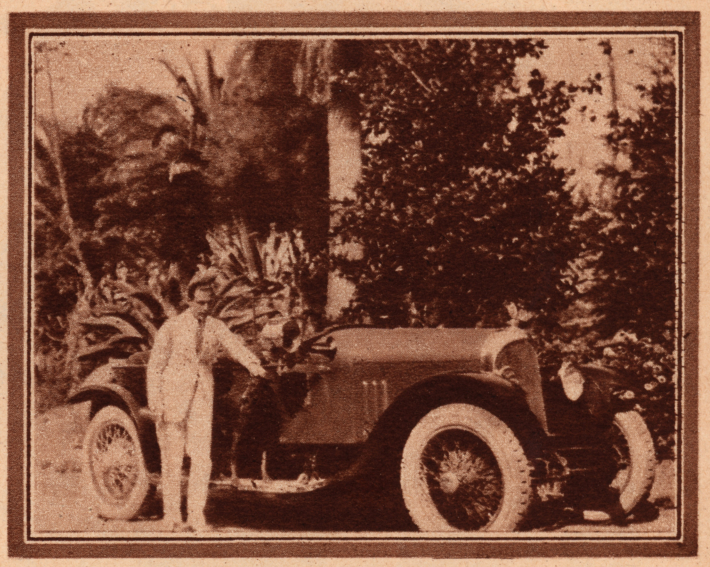
I am particularly glad that we were lucky enough to see this *fiera*, because my aunt had heard about the *fiestas*, but had never seen them. She was very enthusiastic about it all and so glad she had had the opportunity to see it.

We kept on after that slight digression at the *fiera*, where we loitered along, picking out this or that type and asking and answering innumerable questions and arrived at Campo Basso at 5:30 that evening.

We went straight to my brother's house without any preliminary telephoning or message and went, also, straight up the stairs.

As I opened the door, I saw, the first thing, a little bit of a boy about nine years old. He just looked at me once, straight in the eyes, and said "Uncle Rudie!" I said, "Yes!" and then he made a fast spring, nothing short of marvelous in its agility and direct aim, and was about my neck, hugging me tight.

I had never seen him before, of course, as he was born while I was in America.



***Rudy* and the car which he drove throughout *Europe*.**

An old-time castle at *Campo Basso*, where *Rudy* went when he left *Rome*.

After the outburst of this first meeting, he calmed down comparatively and began asking me all sorts of rapid-fire questions:

"Have you any dollars in your pockets?

"What do they look like?

"How did you come?"

I TRIED to answer the questions as rapidly and as succinctly as he put them, but I was hard put to it to keep up with him, I will admit.

When I answered the last question, saying, "By automobile," he detached himself from me and scampered down the stairs. Crazy about automobiles. Like I was when I was a kid. Automobiles, cattle and horses. That's all I really cared about when I was his age.

Then I turned to my sister-in-law, who had, perforce, remained in the background while the effusions of her son went on. She had really had no chance to interrupt and I had had no opportunity to as much as shake hands or say "How d'you do."

After we had talked a few moments, I asked her where my brother was and learned that he was still at his office. I couldn't wait until he should return, whereupon my sister-in-law informed me that she could see well enough where her small son's impetuosity of character came from.

I followed the boy down the stairs, we climbed into the car, my small nephew, of course, in the front seat with me. Auntie and my sister laughed and said that this direct method of meeting my brother was somewhat different from the involved procedure we had gone through to meet her. And I told her that she had always "led me a life," and had, in that respect, in no wise changed.

ALSO, I had the deuce of a time trying to drive. If Natacha had been with me that time, she would have started back to Nice on foot, if need be. Certainly she would have appreciated former performances, if only by comparison.

My small nephew tooted the horn at intervals, when no horn was called for. He tried to grab the wheel, the brakes . . . an absolute, reincarnated Mercury. He couldn't stand still or sit still for one instant. I called him Mercury and he liked it. Seemed to feel that it did fit him rather well. "Mercurio" is Italian for quicksilver.

We finally arrived at the City Hall, the office of my brother, who is Secretary-General of Campo Basso, which is the "capoluogo" or capital of the whole province. It is a very responsible position, a kind of lieutenant governorship, as it would be rated in America.

Of course, like most official positions in Italy, it doesn't pay much money. but it is a great

(*Continued on page* 31)

"CYTHEREA" A drama

Irene Rich plays the wife and *Lewis Stone* the erring husband in *"Cytherea."*

New picture has *Alma Rubens* and *Lewis Stone* — *"Bluff,"* *"The Silent Stranger"* and *"A Girl of the Limberlost,"* are among other pictures of the week

Reviewed by
Harriette Underhill

"CYTHEREA"

Man's Propensity to Philander

A First National picture, with an able cast, including Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens, Irene Rich, Norman Kerry, Constance Bennett and Brandon Hurst. Adapted from the novel by Joseph Hergesheimer. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.

If we proceed to criticize Samuel Goldwyn's production of Joseph Hergesheimer's "Cytherea," without first admitting that we did not see it in a theatre, or even in the Ritz-Carlton ballroom, but in a stuffy projection room, everyone will feel privileged to rise and remark, "But you saw it in a projection room and that isn't a fair test."

In spite of the surroundings, we liked "Cytherea" far better than we expected to. It seems to us that Frances Marion has been nobly steadfast in her determination to put "Cytherea" on the screen as Mr. Hergesheimer conceived her, and probably one has only the censors and the dear public to thank that the story is not intact in its screening. We wondered how on earth they ever could get a screen-drama out of the book. It was full of things which are proscribed by the powers that be. Therefore, we considered the attempt a foolish one and we still think so. The charm of "Cytherea" lay in its frankness and its freedom from conventional situations. And when we saw the finished film production, our feelings were much like those of the man who watched the elephant fox-trotting. One is not surprised that it is so well done, but that it is done at all.

Miss Marion has managed to pull the story together by uniting incidents and making various people cousins or aunts of other people with whom they originally had no connection. It makes a better picture this way, the only trouble being that it isn't a good picture, anyway, and we don't like the story so well "pulled together." And in our eyes, its greatest virtue was the fact that Lee, the unhappy husband, did not return to his unloved, boresome mate, to whom he was bound by the law, after the death of his goddess of love.

In the film version, he does return, and that is what we meant when we said that the dear public had spoiled the picture. Though how can anyone call that a happy ending? No! Decidedly "Cytherea" should never have been bound down to two dimensions.

There are two sequences in color, and the photography is at all times remarkably beautiful. One of the loveliest shots in the picture is when Savina goes at night to Lee's room and finds him in the armchair in front of the fire. Only if you remember your "Cytherea," you'll remember that, when we learned that they had chosen Alma Rubens to play Savina, we didn't care what became of the rest of the characters.

Mr. Hergesheimer described his Savina as almost startling in her paleness and her slenderness. She was plain, cold, aloof and unapproachable. Well, Mr. Goldwyn or the director, George Fitzmaurice, wanted Alma Rubens to play the part, and if one cannot get an actress to fit a role, how simple just to make the role fit the actress. So Savina becomes a deliberately provocative seductress with trailing gowns designed to charm by half revealing and half concealing. What we thought of her doesn't matter, but we should like to know what Mr. Hergesheimer thought of her. The fact that Lewis Stone was chosen to play Lee slightly mollified us, and Irene Rich was the logical Fanny, as she is in this sweetened edition.

Agnes Ayres does the bluffing in *"Bluff"; Roscoe Kearns* plays her brother.

Constance Bennett, one learns when one sees her on the screen, isn't a beauty at all; but she is as

# of Man's Infidelity

full of sprite-like charm as an early morning rose is full of dew. There is a real seductress for you, if you like! Miss Bennett plays the girl who wins the other man away from his "sweet little wife." Norman Kerry plays "the other man."

If you haven't read "Cytherea," don't do it; or, if you must, then wait until you have seen the picture. That is, if you want to enjoy the picture.

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"BLUFF"

The Usual Sort of Picture

A Famous Players-Lasky production, with Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno, supported by Clarence Burton, E. H. Calvert and others. Screen version by Willis Goldbeck, from the story by Rita Weiman and Josephine L. Quirk. Directed by Sam Wood.

It seems rather daring of a producer to call his production, "Bluff," and then further proceed to show just how it is done. And whether by accident or design this producer has still further cast Agnes Ayres to play the stellar role—we almost said "the title role." Agnes Ayres is an extremely agreeable girl, but we never felt that she had the stuff that stars are made of. Perhaps Agnes never felt so, either. If so, it was bluff that carried her through, just as it carried Betty Hallowell to fame. Betty is the heroine of this "Bluff." She was a young designer, who was not designing enough to be able to sell her designs. Male modistes took one look at her through a peep hole in the door of the waiting room and then said, "I'm out" to the office boy.

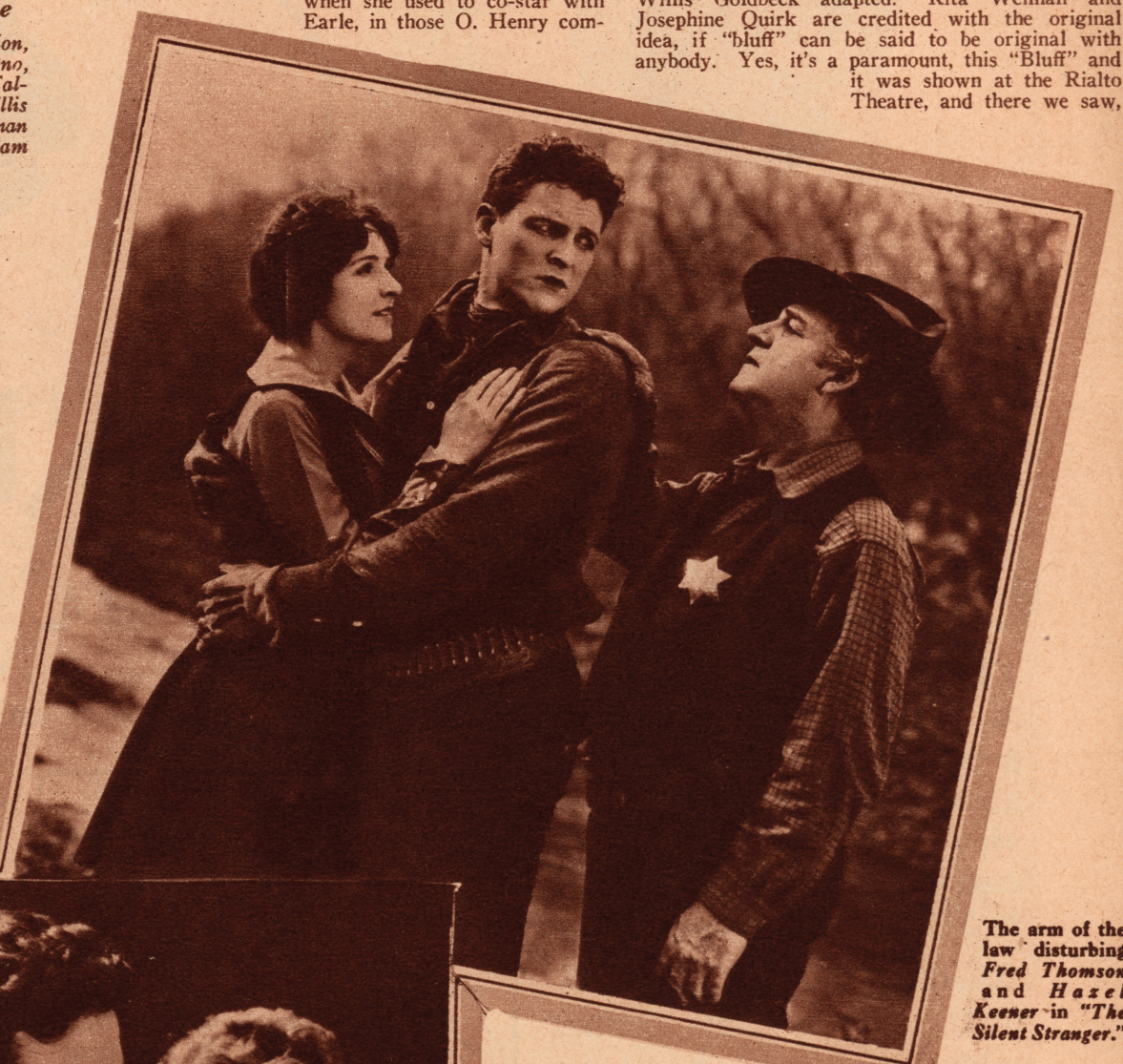
Then, one day, Betty had a bright idea. Why not bluff the modistes into begging for her designs? Her plan worked and in a short time she was refusing offers of $100 for designs which she would gladly have sold for $10 the previous week. Finally, she reluctantly consented to give the most important of all these modistes her exclusive services for $1,000 a design and $2,000 to bind the bargain.

If one may believe the story in the picture, bluff costs the other fellow a whole lot when one decides to try it on and gets away with it.

Agnes Ayres has changed more than any actress we know, and probably if we had not seen her between this picture and the old Vitagraph days, when she used to co-star with Earle, in those O. Henry comedies, one would never recognize her. She is not nearly so pretty as she was then, though possibly a better actress.

Antonio Moreno is also featured in "Bluff," and, as in most of his pictures; he hasn't enough to do. One can stand a lot of Tony! We liked Pauline Parquette as Fifine, too, and Arthur Hoyt as Algy Henderson.

"Bluff" is not, by any means, an exceptional picture, but it is pretty amusing—at least, we found it so. Sam Wood directed it from a story which Willis Goldbeck adapted. Rita Weiman and Josephine Quirk are credited with the original idea, if "bluff" can be said to be original with anybody. Yes, it's a paramount, this "Bluff" and it was shown at the Rialto Theatre, and there we saw,



The arm of the law disturbing *Fred Thomson* and *Hazel Keener* in *"The Silent Stranger."*

Raymond McKee* and *Gloria Grey* are all wrapped up in one another in *"A Girl of the Limberlost."

too, a comedy called "Swingbad the Sailor." It is one of those Leather Pusher tales which made a star out of Reginald Denny, and which are now doing the same thing for Billy Sullivan.

Fay Tincher appears in "Swingbad the Sailor," and this is the first time we have seen her in years. The picture is extremely amusing, and the titles are works of art. We do not know of any pictures which can boast of the consistently clever titles which these Universal comedies carry. We should like to know who writes them, for whoever does the job is about the best in the business.

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"A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST"

More of Gene Stratton-Porter

Story by Gene Stratton-Porter. The cast includes Gloria Grey, Raymond McKee, Cullen Landis and Gertrude Olmsted. Released by Film Booking Office.

Reviewed by Ned Goldschmidt

"A Girl of the Limberlost" will, probably, be the occasion for numerous snorts of despair from (*Continued on page* 28)

Can You Identify

Fig 1.

Fig 2.

Movie Weekly's Great Silhouette Contest

IF YOU can identify three or even two of the screen celebrities whose silhouettes are shown here — you are already well on your way to victory in the great Silhouette Contest beginning today in MOVIE WEEKLY.

$5,300.00 CASH PRIZES

This is no little contest with limited prizes,— MOVIE WEEKLY will award a grand total of *75 prizes in all,* with duplicate awards in case of tie-scores. The capital prizes are $2,500; second, $1,000; third, $500; etc.

DON'T MISS IT!

The chance of a lifetime for movie lovers to collect huge rewards for merely being more observant than their neighbors. Enter the contest right now — without waiting. Read the rules on the opposite page.

Think of what you could do with that prize money this summer! Then get busy and go after first prize! Contest begins today—open to everybody. Full details on the opposite page.

An interesting and profitable game that every member of the family can play.

CLIP HERE AND MAIL AS SOON AS YOU HAVE FILLED IT IN

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Read all of the rules on the opposite page

Contest Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY Magazine,
1926 Broadway, New York City.
SET NO. 1

Figure No. 1 is.....

Figure No. 2 is.....

Figure No. 3 is.....

Figure No. 4 is.....

Ny name is.....
(Write plainly)

My address is.....

City.....State.....

These Stars ?

Fig 3.

Fig 4.

$5,300.00 CASH PRIZES

Here is a study game in which everyone can play. A game where everyone is on an equal footing, where the small boy or girl has as good a chance of winning as the schoolmarm or professor. You do not have to use big words nor arithmetic to get your answer. All you need is good eyes and good memory. In order to ascertain how closely movie lovers study the faces of our movie stars, MOVIE WEEKLY is going to pay $5,300.00 in cash prizes to those who are the most careful observers of facial characteristics of our leading movie actors. The capital prize is $2,500.00. There are 75 cash prizes ranging from $5.00 to $2,500.00. See schedule of prizes below and explanation.

LIST OF PRIZES

	CLASS A (For those who send in no subscriptions)	CLASS B (For those who send in 1 subscription)	CLASS C (For those who send in 2 subscriptions)
First Prize	$1,500	$2,000	$2,500
Second Prize	500	750	1,000
Third Prize	200	350	500
Fourth Prize	150	225	300
Fifth Prize	100	150	200
10 Prizes of	20	30	40
20 Prizes of	10	10	10
40 Prizes of	5	5	5

EXPLANATIONS

To add zest to the Contest, MOVIE WEEKLY has worked out a plan whereby those who do a little work for MOVIE WEEKLY may participate in considerably larger prizes. You will observe that there are 3 classifications of prizes scheduled above: Class A, Class B and Class C. Everyone, with the exception of those specified in Rule 1 of the Contest Rules, may participate in the distribution of Class A prizes. If, however, at any time during the contest you turn in 1 yearly subscription to MOVIE WEEKLY (and at the end of the contest you are among the prize winners), you receive a much larger prize than you would if you had not turned in a subscription. For instance, if you should win the first prize, you would receive $2,000.00, as listed in Class B, INSTEAD OF $1,500.00, as listed in Class A. And if at any time during the contest you send in 2 yearly subscriptions to MOVIE WEEKLY (and should win first prize), you receive $2,500.00, as listed in Class C, instead of $1,500.00, as listed in Class A. Subscriptions may be for yourself or friends, and may be new or renewal.

Study the silhouettes appearing above. When you are sure who is represented by each silhouette, write the star's name in full on the corresponding line in the entry blank on the opposite page. If you believe the actor represented by Figure No. 2 is somebody named Lloyd, for instance, then write his name in full on the line reading "Figure No. 2 is ....." etc After you have written each star's name in this manner on the proper line in the entry blank, write your own name and address plainly on the lines directly opposite. Cut out the entry blank along the heavy dotted line so that it will include the names of the stars and your own name and address. If you wish to make any remarks or ask any questions, you may do so on a separate piece of paper.

CONTEST RULES

1. Any person may enter the contest except employees and immediate relatives of employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc.
2. In case of a tie, each contestant will be paid the amount of the prize tied for.
3. Each entry will be considered solely on its merits. Whether you have or have not turned in subscriptions will have no bearing on your chances of winning.
4. The Judges will be three prominent motion picture actors, whose names will appear in a later issue of MOVIE WEEKLY.
5. All contestants agree to abide by the Judges' decisions.
6. No contestant is eligible to win more than one prize. There will be paid only one first prize, one second prize, etc., except in case of a tie, the amount paid depending on which class the winner is in
7. No scores will be given out during the contest.
8. Each silhouette solution must be mailed within 20 days of the date of issue of the magazine in which it appears.
9. By special arrangement only, with Contest Editor, persons may enter the contest at any time during its first 6 weeks.
10. Contest starts now and ends with the issue of August 21st. All answers must be mailed before midnight, September 17th.

A credit of 3 points will be allowed for the correct identification of each silhouette during the early part of the contest. As the contest proceeds, the credit points allowed for the correct identification of each silhouette will be increased. The number of credit points allowed for each set will be announced in connection with that set each week in Movie Weekly. The contestant securing the greatest number of points will be declared winner of first prize; second greatest, second prize, etc. Remember, this week's silhouettes count 3 points each. Ready? GO! ! !

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A Society Girl in the Movies

Natalie Vanderveer, young, beautiful and wealthy, tires of the insipid social life and enters the movies as an "extra," under the name of Miss Judson. Read what happens to her.

•

EVER since I had severed myself from all social obligations and entered the movies, the biggest interest I have held for a man has been for my co-worker, Stuart Remington. The fact that I had just seen him enter his home and take an unknown woman in his arms had well-nigh paralyzed me.

How I kept myself from falling, or fainting, I shall never know, for the vision of Stuart Remington kissing a woman crushed me with a force that squeezed away my very breath. It will always remain a mystery to me how I walked away from that spot.

I was like a piece of driftwood caught in the eddying human tide of Christopher Street as I mingled unsteady footsteps with the crowd. Dazedly I looked for a taxicab, but it proved to be a neighborhood in which taxicabs never ventured. The street was cluttered only with push-carts, horse-drawn vehicles, and a few trucks. There was nothing else left to do but drift towards the subway station.

It was not until I reached the surface at Times Square and got into a taxicab that my mind approached anything like calmness, and then it was that sort of calmness which comes to a wounded person after the hysteria is over. I felt numbed all over, although every now and then I was acutely conscious of twinges of sharp pains that seemed to begin in my heart and shoot throughout my being.

The vision of Stuart Remington kissing a woman ebbed and flowed before my eyes constantly. I could not stop it. Every time my memory re-enacted the scene, I realized a little more clearly, a little more tangibly, why it mattered to me that he had done such a thing . . . Without actually knowing it, I had fallen in love with Stuart Remington!

"You do not understand, *Marie*. I want you to go as my friend, not as my maid," I told her.

ALL the way home I fought against the recognition of my love for him. Sentiment, I told myself, and nothing else, was to blame for my feelings.

"I will put him out of my thoughts . . . out of my mind. It has been foolish to let his appeal sway me. Now that there is another woman in his life, and I know it, he cannot mean any more to me than he does to the others who know him as well as I do up at the studio," I said, under my breath.

I saw the street lights string by with half-veiled eyes. I saw the home-going crowds . . . the traffic . . . and the buildings, many closed for the night, as one sees things in a vague dream. And then the cab came to a sudden halt. I was home!

It is one thing to determine in your mind that you will not think of a man. But it is quite different to carry out this determination when your heart is filled with memories of him. I found this out as I went to my room with compressed lips, trying with all my might to drive Stuart Remington far from my thoughts.

Marie said very little when she came in to me. She seemed to sense that something was wrong. I wanted to tell her the truth. Marie was always so understanding about everything. But, I suppose it was my woman's pride that rebelled against confessing my heart's hurting secret to her.

She worked over my hair, and massaged my face without more than a few words being spoken between us. It was not until she got out my dinner gown that Marie asked any question.

"Mam'selle did not come in her car, with Frank, tonight?" she asked, holding the blue gown out for me.

"No, Marie. Not tonight. The—the lights at the studio were put out of commission by a faulty fuse. We were sent away early," I explained.

"Ah! I see. And today . . . did Mam'selle again play the part of a shopper with a husband?"

"I did little enough today, Marie," was my evasive reply.

"It is a slow business. Two days now and Mam'selle is not made a star. They must be blind at the studio," she said, shaking her head.

I had to smile a little at her words. Marie certainly needed an introduction to a movie studio to clear her mind of the idea that a girl could walk in one day, and be made a star the next. As these things passed through my mind, I thought of the star's promise to help me find something bigger than mere extra work. Realizing that to talk would be to get my mind off of Stuart Remington, I recounted to her my experience with Edwardo ————.

"I TOLD you so. It will happen quick when the right eyes see you. Ah, Mon Dieu! If only you told him your real right name! How do you know he is not fooling? Maybe he is still sure you are Natalie Vanderveer," she warned, shaking her finger at me.

"I may go to see him tonight for a short while, to look at a scenario. He thinks that maybe he can arrange for me to have one of the parts——"

"Wondairful, Mam'selle! I am so happy! Now, maybe you will not think any more of that extra man . . . your Saturday afternoon husband."

Her words were like a knife in my heart. It was all I could do to keep the tears back from my eyes.

My Saturday afternoon husband!

In that one short sentence Marie broke down my fighting spirit for the moment, and I remembered all that I had come to know about the man.

If she realized the effect of her words upon me, Marie gave no indication of this. Suddenly an impulse came over me.

"Marie, will you accompany me to see the star tonight? I do not wish to go alone," I said.

"But, if I go they will know you are not a poor extra movie girl. Only rich ladies have maids," she returned.

"You do not understand, Marie. I want you to go as my friend, not as my maid," I told her.

The girl's face became a picture of astonishment, which turned, as if by magic, into glad excitement.

"Of course, of course!" she cried. "Oh! What an experience!" she went on, seizing my arms impulsively. Suddenly she drew her hands away from me. A serious expression came over her. "Pardon, Mam'selle, I—I forgot—"

"You forgot . . . what?" I asked.

"My place," she murmured humbly.

THIS time my arms went around Marie.

"Please, Marie," I began, "sometimes I think of you almost as a sister. But, anyhow, tonight we are to be friends. I am to be Natalie Judson, and you are to be Marie Lange. Understand?"

Marie smiled up at me, gratitude in her eyes. Yes, she said, she understood, and that I was "wondairful" to her. I told her to call Edwardo ————'s number, so that I could tell him I intended to call later in the evening.

He seemed very glad over the telephone that I had decided to pay him a visit, and told me to bring Marie along by all means.

"There is a part in this script which I think will interest you," he told me.

This information was very welcome news,

indeed. When I hung up the receiver, I felt more capable of fighting against the incessant desire to surrender my thoughts to memories of the emotions that Stuart Remington had unconsciously stirred in me. Somehow Edwardo ————'s promise of some important work in the films fused me with new ambition, and my desire to succeed as an actress forged ahead of my heart urgings.

THE star's studio-apartment was a place of charming appeal. Everything about the rooms was indicative of good taste. While it was richly furnished, there was nothing overdone or exaggerated about it. This was interesting to me in view of the fact that I had so often heard friends in my set speak so disparagingly of movie stars.

"They make a lot of money . . . and spend it like wild people. Why, I have heard that one woman has a golden piano in her Hollywood home, and that their apartments are simply stuffed with costly pieces of outrageous furniture and bric-a-brac!" raved one woman who had probably never spoken to a screen player in her life, and who would not have known Mary Pickford's picture.

As I appraised his home, I wondered what woman had helped him decorate and furnish it, for there was no doubting the fact that a woman had had some share in the creation of its artistry and charm. He seemed to read my thoughts, for he admitted that a woman had made most of the suggestions for his home's decoration.

"You have most likely heard of her—Elsie ————," he said, naming a very famous young star.

"She certainly has most admirable taste, and is to be complimented upon her execution of it," I told him.

He smiled before answering me, as if my words had reminded him of something that appealed as humorous.

"I wish I could convey your compliment to her. But we are . . . well, embarrassed, when we meet nowadays. You see, we were married at the time——"

"Married!" I exclaimed. "Why, I never dreamed that Elsie ———— was ever married."

"Oh, yes, we were married for a year. Then we were divorced. Of course we kept our wedding a secret—very secret. Both her employers and mine would not hear of us making a public announcement at the time. You see, it often hurts a man's and a woman's popularity if the fans learn they are married."

I did not quite understand him, and made my state of mind known at once. He immediately went into an elaborate explanation:

"Please do not consider any of my remarks as personal. They would make me sound very conceited if I meant them that way. But here is the situation.

"A young romantic man star gathers his following mainly through his appeal to young, impressionable and sentimental girls. In other words, such a star often strikes them as the type of man they would like to fall in love with. The 'mash' notes received by men stars attest this fact.

"As long as a young star remains unmarried, his girl admirers, from Broadway to Portland, Oregon, think of him as their secret sweetheart. This illusion is destroyed the moment his marriage is publicized. And the disillusioned girls immediately begin to look for an unmarried star. The same thing applies to young girl movie stars and their men admirers. Publication of the fact that they have married generally reduces their fan following considerably.

"So, you see, it is not good business policy to do this," he concluded.

I HAD never thought of such a thing, and I don't suppose many other people outside of the motion picture industry have ever stopped to realize how careful producers and stars are to guard against doing anything that will hurt the latter's popularity.

"I suppose, Mr. ————, you get a lot of what you call 'mash notes' from your admirers?" suggested Marie archly.

I looked at her closely. These were the first words she had spoken since being introduced to the actor. I thought I caught a mischievous sort of gleam in her Latin eyes as she finished speaking.

The man appeared a bit embarrassed for a moment. But he quickly recovered his poise and smilingly told her that quite a number of letters found their way to him every day:

"About thirty or so," he stated.

"How do you get time to answer them all?" she questioned.

This time he laughed softly.

"But I do not get the time," he answered. "I employ a secretary to answer them all. She can sign my name now so that I am unable to detect her handwriting from my own," was his explanation.

"Ah! So then my poor little friend Yvonne, who writes to you often, is being fooled. I told her once it was impossible for a movie star to write answers to his mail, but she would not believe," Marie declared, shaking her finger at him.

A look of deep concern that registered both regret and chagrin, over-shadowed his countenance.

"I am so sorry," he said, and paused a moment in thought, "tell me her name. I will have Miss Smithers turn her next letter over to me. I shall answer Yvonne's letters in person from now on. I do not like to fool people. But, Miss Lange, you realize how impossible it would be for me to sit down and answer letters every day, don't you?"

His sincerity seemed so very wholesome. I liked him immensely more after discovering how much he had taken Marie's words to heart.

"Of course, of course, Monsieur. It is not necessary to write my little friend. She will never know the difference," replied Marie.

But he insisted, saying that he wanted to do so, and Marie was persuaded to write down Yvonne's full name and address. She had barely finished when the doorbell of the apartment rang. The caller was a Mr. Slade, one of Mr. ————'s friends.

He showed an interest in Marie from the moment he met her. When the star began talking to me about the scenario, Mr. Slade suggested that he and Marie go into an adjoining room, so we two could talk.

It was the first time I had ever had a scenario in my hands, and I found myself quite puzzled trying to make sense of it at first, but Edwardo soon made the manuscript easy reading for me. The part he had in mind for me sounded highly interesting.

"MARGARET MORGAN is the bosom friend of the heroine in this picture. Miss June ———— will most likely get the star part. Situation after situation bring Margaret and the heroine together in many scenes. Finally it is Margaret who proves the means of re-uniting both the hero and the heroine at the end of the picture. I believe you could handle Margaret's role," he said.

My lips were just beginning to frame a reply when the door leading to the room Marie and Mr. Slade had repaired to suddenly burst open. Startled, I looked up from the scenario to see Marie hurrying towards us, her face flushed with anger and fright combined.

"Marie!" I cried, as Edwardo rose to his feet.

"Mam'selle . . . Mam'selle!" she cried back, and then, suddenly appearing to remember that I was not to be Mam'selle, "this man," pointing over her shoulder, "insults me."

Her words stunned me. I looked at the star. His eyes were glued on the threshold of the door. Lurching towards us, a bottle in his hand, was Mr. Slade. There was a (*Continued on page* 27)

***"Mam'selle!"* she cried back, "this man," pointing over her shoulder at *Slade*, "insults me."**

Are These the Leading Men of TOMORROW?

Here's little *Bunny Wain*, the five-year-old *Canadian* youngster, who has been playing bits in the movies.
TOWNSEND

Perhaps you saw little three-year-old *Edgar Peck*, the adorable youngster in *"West of the Water Tower."*
STRAND

The fans need no introduction to the delightful little *Richard Headrick*, who, at the age of six is not only a talented screen actor, but is a champion swimmer for his age, as well.

A tuneful moment from *"The Covered Wagon,"* with *Johnny Fox* putting on airs. *John* has been playing in pictures for several years. Perhaps you also remember him in a series of *Century Comedies*.

Frankie Lee has had the longest screen experience of any of these youngsters, having played for five years in *Paramount* pictures. For his emotional acting, *Frankie* might well be a candidate for tomorrow's leading man..

Dorothy Dalton now Elaine Hammerstein's Step-Mother

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

What strange things some of these screen marriages bring about! Here's Dorothy Dalton, for instance, who has just married Arthur Hammerstein and therefore is now the step-mother of Elaine Hammerstein.

The wedding took place on April 22nd, at the Drake Hotel in Chicago. Dorothy's parents live in Chicago, so it was natural that the screen beauty should want the "big event" to occur there. The ceremony was performed by a rabbi.

The romance began several months ago at Palm Beach, this being the fourth marriage for Mr. Hammerstein, who is fifty-one years old.

Dorothy has been married once before, to Lew Cody. She gave her age as thirty-one.

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Viola Dana to Free-Lance

The free lance germ seems to be hitting all the players these days. Many stars seem to feel that they will be better free-lancing than accepting contracts.

It was with some surprise that the world learned that Viola Dana had turned down another starring contract with Metro in order to go it alone in the free-lance field.

"I'm very much scared at the prospect of leaving Metro," said Miss Dana, "because I have been with them so long; but I'm thrilled, too, when I think of all the things that I want to do. You see, I'm going to park the cutes for good and go in for real acting."

And now Dorothy Devore, Christie comedienne, is announcing her departure from the Christie ranks, and a refusal to sign a new contract, in order to free-lance.

"I believe one can remain in comedy too long," said Miss Devore, "and while I appreciate very much the training and exploitation I have received, still I do wish to grow artistically, and I don't believe I can develop as I wish to do if I remain in comedy."

While Miss Devore has made no complaint, it is known that she has had some very difficult athletic stunts to do in the comedies, and she has told friends that she is losing her nerve. She has a double for the more difficult stunts, but still is required to do some risky things. She was hurt a short time ago while climbing a tall building, meeting with a fall which hurt her spine.

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Roberts Again Smokes Famous "Prop"

Theodore Roberts smoked his cigar the other day, following his long illness of several months. His wife helped him to the new sun parlor, built onto his pretty Vine Street home in Hollywood during his absence in the East, and there the cigar lighting ceremonial was gone through with.

Mr. Roberts opined that the cigar tasted good. He is completely recovered from his illness, but is still weak. As soon as he regains his strength, he plans to return to the screen.

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Bon Voyage for Kathleen Key

Kathleen Key has set off for Europe. The girls' club, composed of picture actresses and called "The Regulars," were at the station en masse, to see her off on the train at Los Angeles. One thing the Regulars required of her and that was a promise that she wouldn't fall in love with any Italian count in Rome.

"That's easy," said the vivacious Kathleen, "when I fall in love it's going to be with an American man. No little toy Italian count for me! Or any other foreigner."

Kathleen wept and kissed the girls all around,

***Kathleen Key*, before her departure for *Europe*, announced that she has quit "rolling her own."**
SIBBALD

and promised them all to send picture cards from every important place she visited.

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Pauline Garon Revealed

Being a godmother to an infant born into film circles was the latest duty of Pauline Garon. Which brought out the fact that she is an ardent little Catholic who never misses church.

Norman Kerry's Loss

Mourning the death of his mother, who passed away over in Budapest, Norman Kerry has eschewed all festivities during the past few weeks. He was all ready to take the long trip from Los Angeles to Hungary, to the bedside of his mother, when the news came of her demise.

"We were always such pals when I was a boy," said Kerry. "Mother was a beautiful and accomplished woman, and her children worshipped her."

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Clara Has Garlic Hound

Off the screen, Clara Bow is no dresser at all. She doesn't care a cent about clothes, and usually goes about clad in a plain skirt and white sweater.

And Clara has a dog that eats garlic! He has the habit and nothing can break it, it seems, the garlic habit being as insidious as the tobacco evil. And Clara's pup always, always wants to kiss you!

"But, oh, dear, they wouldn't even let me put him in the dog show," mourned Clara.

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All-Wool Inside

If you think actors are pikers, you should have seen the players and the way they braved the elements in Texas while they were making "Sundown."

First National, the company making the picture, built a camp along army lines to shelter the company on location. The stars lived in tents with the rest of the outfit, and grinned through a series of blizzards the like of which has not blown since the Department of Agriculture of Texas kept a diary. Occasionally the players became real heroes.

Roy Stewart rode twenty miles in blinding hail to round up and bring in a horse that was huddled at a dry water-hole. Charles Murray froze his nose lashing down a tent for a half-witted cowhand. Then Roy Stewart split wood and carried coal for the hospital tent, and ran up and down the camp with hot water like a bell-hop. Hobart Bosworth, Bessie Love, Charles Sellon, Arthur Hoyt and others who are likewise famous, carried on with a spirit that beat the blizzard and made an otherwise uncomfortable month a cheerful and efficient period.

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To Go or Not To Go

When Fred Niblo and his wife, Enid Bennett, go abroad, which they expect to do in finishing up "The Red Lily," the question as to whether little Loris goes or not is going to be the matter before the court. Mr. Niblo thinks that the little three-year-old should stay at home, while Mrs. Niblo doesn't think the trip would be complete without the company of her little girl.

"Of course there are mother and my sisters to care for my baby," said Enid wistfully, "but somehow I can't bear the thought of leaving her. Probably Fred is right, though."

"The Red Lily" incidentally, was written by Mr. Niblo himself and promises to be quite a picture.

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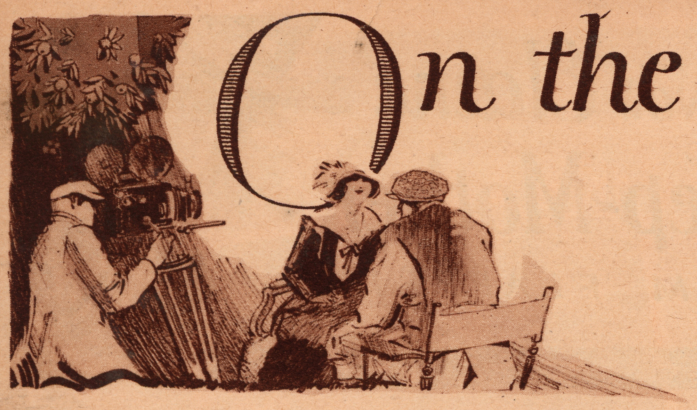

On the SET and Off

An income tax return signed Charlie Chaplin! Great excitement was created in the Internal Revenue office in Hollywood when the return was spotted—and there was even greater excitement when it was discovered that the income reported was considerably less than five thousand, and that, by the time the exemptions were claimed, Chaplin wouldn't have to pay any tax at all.

The deputy collector rushed madly into the collector's office, waving the return wildly about and sputteringly trying to express his feelings.

"Look at this comedy stunt Chaplin is trying to get by with!" he finally gasped. The collector viewed it with alarm. If Charlie Chaplin wasn't going to pay any tax at all, then who could be expected to?

Finally, however, upon due investigation, it was found that the star, Charles Spencer Chaplin, had not yet filed his return, and that the tax report in question had been filed by Charlie C. Chaplin, a Hollywood laundry driver.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

D. W. Griffith is breathing a sigh of relief these days. He has just tossed a coin and it came out heads. The coin in question is his newest film, "America," on which the producer staked his all, as the sub-titlers put it. If the picture had failed to get across, D. W. would have been slightly the worse for pocket money. In fact, he would have been quite, quite broke. But, as it turned out, the picture proved a great success and the Griffith family fortune emerged intact.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Ben Turpin, positively the only player who has never suffered with Kleig eyes—probably because he can't look the Kleig lights in the face—has fallen a victim to snow-blindness.

The Mack Sennett company making "Yukon Jake" were on location at Truckee, California, under the direction of Del Lord. As an invincible arm of the Royal Northwest Mounted, Ben rode the snowy wastes of Truckee, "getting his man," until the snow was too much for his eyes and he was obliged to return home to Hollywood with the famous orbs swathed in bandages.

Snow-blindness may not seem serious, but it is to Ben. He says the treatment may straighten his eyes!

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And, speaking of Ben, his favorite pastime when not working is directing traffic on one of Hollywood's busy corners. He declares he is especially qualified for this work because he can see traffic coming both ways!

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Really one couldn't expect a fox to be camera-wise, but certainly the fox in this story must have heard all about the importance of a close-up.

It was during a realistic fox hunt in the filming of "The Gateway to the West" that this particular fox showed his originality. The motion picture camera was buried in a trench and concealed under turf, with only a small aperture for the lens exposed.

A short distance away from the camera was a hole which had been provided for the fox's escape, but the animal in his panic jumped for the opening through which the scene was being photographed. At once there was a tangled mass of turf and hounds and cameraman, but the photographer managed to save both himself and the camera, and emerged from the scene with one of the best close-ups of a fox ever recorded.

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Here is good news for the blondes! Heretofore they have been out of luck when it came to movie careers because light-colored eyes do not photograph well. Of course some do, but grey eyes, for instance—any neutral colored eyes—are always a handicap. Now, however, a means has been discovered for turning blue eyes dark on the screen.

The discovery is all in honor of Laura La Plante, of the Universal company. The folks

Three "baby stars" of 1924. *Gloria Grey*, in *Emory Johnson's "The Spirit of the U. S. A."*; *Alberta Vaughn*, the *"Telephone Girl"*; and *Hazel Keener*, leading woman for *Fred Thomson*.

around the studio think that Laura is a great little actress, but her blue eyes just simply wouldn't register until Jack Rose, cameraman, made his little discovery.

Mr. Rose attached a delicately tinted orange screen to the lens of his camera and found that Miss La Plante's eyes photographed dark, while her hair still remained blonde in the picture. The picture in question, by the way, is "Relativity," and T. Roy Barnes is the leading man.

However, all the blonde girls are warned not to make a dash for Hollywood just because of this new discovery. An actress would have to be fairly good and fairly well-known before a company would go to all that bother just to change the color of her eyes.

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Ruth Roland, the well-known serial queen, has gone in for feature pictures. She and Tod Browning, the director, have launched a company, the Co-Artists Productions, which will present the star in an entirely new light.

Her first picture will be "Dollar Down." One of the most spectacular scenes was a lobby of a famous hotel, erected in the F. B. O. studios. Miss Roland had her friends all in, as "atmosphere" in the lobby, and gave them all a thrill.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

John Barrymore received a most appropriate present from an appreciative fan. It was during the making of "Beau Brummel" that he received from an English admirer a snuff box said to have been owned originally by the famous dandy himself. John is very proud of his acquisition and it has been given an important place in the production, even boasting a close-up of its own.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Thomas Meighan showed the other day that he is quite above the customary superstitions, such as the one about breaking a mirror. A scene in "The Confidence Man," Tommy's newest picture, calls for the player to drive his fist through a large dressing table mirror. The director had some qualms about asking anyone to do it, as theatrical people are exceptionally superstitious about it.

However, Tommy went right through with it, and shot his fist through the glass, not even blinking when he cut his hand.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

What these screen actors won't do for art's sake! There's William Powell, for instance—not David—who had to shave his hair off to play the role in "Romola" that he is now busily engaged on in Italy.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Helene Chadwick is to be a star! She has recently signed a contract with Hodkinson to make pictures under her own name and even select her own stories—the goal of every screen player. She will make two pictures in New York, possibly one in Europe, and will begin work on the first of them as soon as she completes her present role in Valentino's "Monsieur Beaucaire."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Charlie Chaplin has just been in the mood lately where he wanted to say no to everything. Probably, if someone had offered him a few thousand dollars—but that, of course, is only surmise.

Anyway, the fact is this. The other day, Charlie Chaplin just sat down and wrote a lot of telegrams denying everything he could think of. He denied that he is to direct Mary Pickford, that Edna Purviance was no longer with his company, that he was engaged to anyone—Estelle Taylor being the fiancee currently rumored.

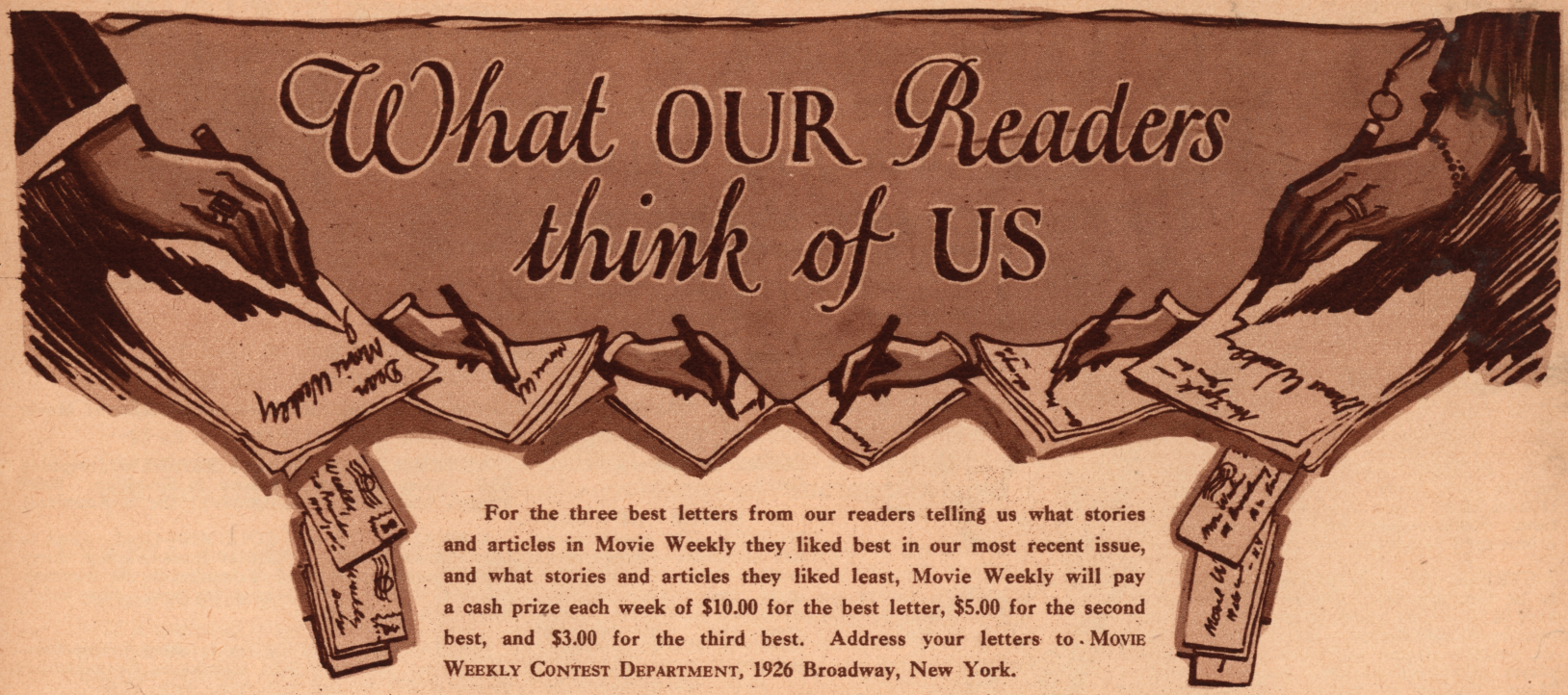
In other words, whatever you hear about Chaplin—it just isn't so!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Mary Pickford made a visit to her old home town—Toronto, Canada—and got just as sentimental about it as any obscure young lady. In fact, she stood hand in hand with her mother on the porch of the little frame house on University Avenue, in which she was born, and wept.

Doug was also along, but this was a visit to Mary's relatives. She looked up various aunts and nieces and nephews and made a trip to her father's grave. A sentimental pilgrimage, it was!

What OUR Readers think of US



For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

It seems very presumptuous to criticize a magazine as excellent as Movie Weekly. I only venture to do so because I have been for three years a constant reader. For the past year I have noticed with regret that you have been devoting valuable space to cheap and sensational fiction of a type which should find no place in a high class magazine such as Movie Weekly. On the other hand, I have greatly enjoyed your fictionization of "By Divine Right," which was recently concluded, chiefly, I admit, for its illustrations. Fans often buy film magazines as much for the photographs of their favorites as for the reading matter contained in their pages.

In the April 26th issue I especially enjoyed the interviews with Conway Tearle and Milton Sills, and the article entitled, "How a Screen Star's Cold Cost $10,000 a Day." All these articles contained pictures of the players concerned, were written in an entertaining manner and gave interesting facts about actors in whom the public is interested.

Other features of Movie Weekly which merit praise are the series of photographs depicting various players at home. All fans are interested in the home life of their favorites; I always turn with interest to the departments devoted to "Whispers the Film Flapper," "Reel Dope," "Colonel" and to the reviews of current photoplays.

My suggestions are summed up in the following requests:

No. 1—Omit the fiction. It is for the news about our favorites that we read Movie Weekly. When we want fiction we can buy the magazines devoted to it.

No. 2—Devote the space thus left vacant to true stories about the film people and to illustrated fictionizations such as "By Divine Right" and the now current "White Sin."

No. 3—Have some of the other artists write for you, as has Rudolph Valentino in "My Own Story of My Trip Abroad."

No. 4—Continue the character analysis series by Vincent de Sola.

No. 5—Give us some more of those delightful one-page reviews in which the story of the picture reviewed was told by photographs accompanied by brief explanations.

These are, in my opinion, the only improvements needed to make Movie Weekly the very best film magazine now published.

MARY HOPKINS.

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This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Since you have asked for the frank opinions of your readers, I have ventured to present mine.

The average movie fan is more interested in concrete, condensed facts than in frothy and often sordid gossip. In other words, in spite of the producer's statements to the contrary, I declare that the average movie fan is intelligent.

The things that the fans enjoy are the articles such as "The Ideal Home Life of Ernest Torrence," which gives one an intimate glimpse of a human being; or "Doug and Mary in New York" gives us an endearing and clever picture of two

***Little Farina* is not, as many of the fans suppose, a girl, but a boy—and a "regular" fellow.**

of the screen's best beloved "children." Such articles as 'It Isn't the Cost of Clothes That Counts" and "I Think Marriage Is Terrible," are interesting, but only to a certain class of fans, while the articles, "What Color Is Your Personality" and "A Day in the Studio with Richard Barthelmess" and "How the Thief of Bagdad Was Made," are not only interesting to all, but also instructive. They have a quality that appeals to the more educated, which, by the way, form no small portion of the class of fans.

The two most popular pages, I am sure, are "Whispers of the Film Flapper" and "Picture Reviews," in fact, I should say that the popularity of the Movie Weekly depends largely upon them.

Surely, you who edit the Movie Weekly must realize that you are competing with other magazines that have more time in which to collect their material and more space to devote to it. Nevertheless, you have the advantage in one very important respect—that of reviewing pictures.

Generally, by the time a monthly magazine has reached the stands, the pictures reviewed therein have come and gone in a great many cities, while Movie Weekly is able to present its reviews at a time preceding or coinciding with the time the picture is presented, and I assure you that nothing is more appreciated by the fans than the intelligent and reliable reviews of pictures.

Why don't you, editors of the Movie Weekly, seize that opportunity and fill with your helpful, reliable picture reviews and your clever "Whispers," that space which you now give to the sordid, cheap tales of distorted fiction of the "Confession of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress" type.

There are enough cheap and flashy magazines that make them a specialty, to satisfy those who must have them, and we, your readers, regret and begrudge every line that is wasted on them, knowing that you are capable of giving us those things which appeal to our intelligence.

BABBE LE BRAUN.

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This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

At present Movie Weekly is the best example of a real screen magazine that it has been my fortune to see. As with everything, however, it can be improved in a few respects.

I am basing my criticisms and bouquets particularly on the issue for April 26th. I believe this to be one of the best issues ever published. It gets away to a flying start with the cover portrait of Mary Pickford, beloved of all fans. We have not been seeing a great many new photographs of her of late, and this one is especially charming.

I like Movie Weekly's style of interviewing, and the majority of the conversations recorded ring true. The interview with Mary Pickford serves to acquaint the reader with the secret of this star's popularity.

The picture of Carmel Myers does not appeal to me, although others may find it attractive. I read with interest the interview with Raoul Walsh by David A. Balch. His articles are always good. The episode with Conway Tearle struck me as being in rather poor taste.

(*Continued on page* 30)

Future Actress Is in Love with George O'Hara

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

A FUTURE ACTRESS—The only trouble with being in love with George O'Hara is that you have so much competiton. Fortunately, he isn't married. He is a blue-eyed blond and is 5 feet 8.

STRUCK ON GEORGIE—This seems to be George's day. George O'Hara was born in New York and first came to public attention in Mack Sennett comedies. He is quite an amateur boxer and was a star football player in his school days. He is now making "Listen, Lester," at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

PUPPY LOVE—With so many girls having crushes on him, and this being leap year, George O'Hara had better watch out. See above.

AGNES—If you think you're the worst person to ask questions I've ever come across, you don't realize what competition you have. Alma Rubens was born in San Francisco; she is Mrs. Daniel Carson Goodman. She is 5 feet 7. Derelys—formerly Ann—Perdue, is 5 feet 5½. Mary Jane Sanderson played Julia Yates in "Blow Your Own Horn." She is 5 feet 2½.

BLUE EYES—Thanks to me for an immediate answer! Well, I hate to take any thanks on false pretenses, but I can't help it if my waiting list is so long. Lon Chaney is in his forties and is married. He lives at 1575 Edgemont Ave., Hollywood.

U-NO-US BUNCH—So you want to be answered before the year passes by? That's right; I shouldn't want the year to pass by without some little thrill coming into your life, such as being on the answer page. Write for both Gloria's and Valentino's pictures at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I. They would both charge a quarter. Edmund Loew is American. Address him, Fox Studio, 55th St. and 10th Ave., N. Y. Lloyd Hughes lives at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles.

COUNTRY BLOSSOM — Yes, I think fifteen is much too young to go on the stage, especially for a country blossom. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is thirteen. He lives in Los Angeles.

ZAZA—What a lot of things you want me to tell the editor. It might save time for you just to come up and edit an issue. Rudolph Valentino is married to Winifred Hudnut; Kenneth Harlan is divorced from Flo Hart. Louise Lorraine is not married.

EDITH K.—Certainly I would "be so kind" as to answer your questions. My life is just full of such kindnesses. Eva Novak is Mrs. Richard Reed; Jane is divorced from Frank Newberg. Claire Windsor is divorced from Billie Boweson. Bill Hart has one sister, Mary. His former wife, Winifred Westover, is 5 feet 3.

BEBE THE VAMP—When you ask me where is Milton Sills, that you don't hear of him any more, I answer, where are you that you don't? He is as active as ever. He just finished playing in "The Sea Hawk." You can write him at 1320 Crescent Heights Blvd., Los Angeles. Bebe Daniels, Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I. She is American, of Spanish descent, and has never been married. She is twenty-three.

A. M. H.—Cullen Landis is about thirty and is divorced from Mignon Le Brun. Kenneth Harlan is twenty-nine. See ZAZA. Billie Burke plays occasionally on the stage; Ethel Clayton recently signed with Hodkinson to make pictures again.

VIOLETTE S.—Stuart Holmes is thirty-seven; he lives at 1820 N. Argyle, Hollywood. Ella Hall lives at 1834 El Cerrita Place, Hollywood. William S. Hart's address is Beverly Hills, Cal.

A LOVER OF THE MOVIES—The movies have lots of lovers—haven't they—from sheiks to men of the great open spaces? Virginia Lee Corbin is twelve years old. She has not played in movies for some time, and I have no idea where she can be reached. Baby Peggy's address is 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.

***Alma Rubens* and the *"Cytherea"* doll both play important roles in that picture.**

Write Jackie Coogan at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

KENTUCKY LASS — That sounds so romantic—a Kentucky lass, and Kentucky moonshine. Charles Meredith seems to have retired from the screen. "Romeo and Juliet" does not seem in any immediate danger of being filmed.

MISS BLUE EYES—No, indeed, you haven't overtaxed me, but I can't say the same for the government. Mary Beth Milford has been busy most of the time in "The Fighting Blood" series. Yes, Florence Vidor is lovely, but there hasn't been much demand for her to edit an issue of Movie Weekly.

AGNES A.—Jack Perrin is married to Josephine Hill. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn. Baby Peggy's last name is Montgomery; she is American.

A READER OF MY COLUMN—Good. Glad to know I have a reader. Charles Jones is about thirty and is married. Richard Talmadge is not married. Johnnie Walker doesn't give his age. His wife's name is Renee Parker.

SILVIA F.—Marion Davies is about twenty-four. She is not married. Her address is Cosmopolitan Studio, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York.

FORGET-ME-NOT—So you want to be added to the list of George O'Hara fans? Here, James, bring me that list! No, Huntley Gordon is not Pola Negri's husband. Gloria Swanson played with Rudolph in "Beyond the Rocks," and Agnes Ayres with him in "The Sheik." Richard Barthelmess is twenty-nine. Hollywood is eight miles from the business center of Los Angeles.

A CORINNE AND PERCY ADMIRER—So you emphatically deny that I am an old man? Well, who am I to contradict a lady? Yes, Percy Marmont is married. Address him, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Corinne Griffith recently married Walter Morosco. Her address is United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Barbara La Marr can be reached at 6912 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

HONEY BUNCH—You've got a sugary disposition, haven't you? Mrs. Carter De Haven doesn't give her age. The last I heard of Mr. and Mrs. De Haven, they were living at 1844 N. Vine St., Hollywood.

SALLY—So you'd like a whole Movie Weekly to have your answers published about Richard Talmadge? Well, I'd run all out of facts before I could write all that about him. Richard Talmadge—real name, Metzetti—has six brothers. I think one or two of them work at his studio, not as actors, however. Dick's latest picture is "On Time." Write him, c-o F. B. O., 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Pola Negri's real name is Appolonia Chalupez. Eva Novak is about twenty-five.

EARL IRELAND—I hope you know better now than to look for your answer in two weeks. Charles Murray is playing in "Sundown," for First National. Write him at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

ARCHIE—Of course it's a matter of opinion as to the best pictures for 1923, and I don't pretend to be a picture critic. Anna Q. Nilsson doesn't give her age. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-nine.

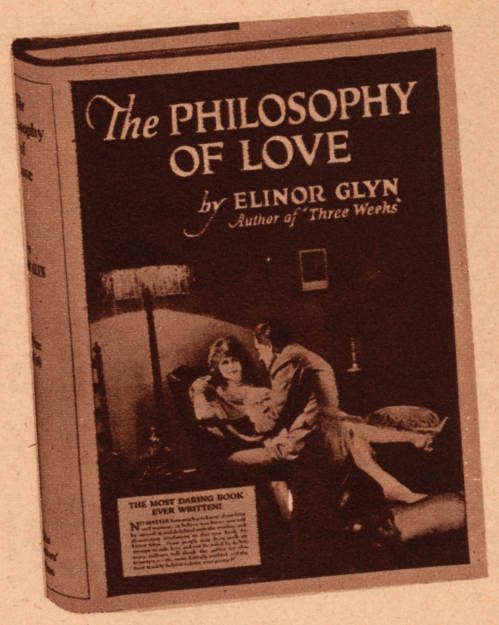
BUSYBODY—As to why Tom Mix always wears white gloves in his pictures, I never asked him. But I'll bet anything it's because he likes them.

LORRAINE—Another George O'Hara crush! No, I'm afraid your "chance" for George's affections is rather slim.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.



WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

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Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

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We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

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- —how to win the girl you want.
- —how to hold your husband's love.
- —how to make people admire you.
- —why men "step out" and leave their wives alone.
- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —why most women don't know how to make love.
- —things that turn men against you.
- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- —the "danger year" of married life.
- —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming
- —how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —how to make love keep you young.
- —must all men be either "dubs" or devils?
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CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Just about the time people began to get impatient, Buster Keaton announces his forthcoming picture. Don't grin when we tell you the name is "Sherlock, Jr."

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Mae Murray has returned to the Coast. She will make another picture for Metro called "Circe," and then consider some of her other offers for future releases. Her hubby, Bob Leonard, goes with her.

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Those who liked Patsy Ruth Miller and Matt Moore as a team, will see them again soon in "The Goof." Our guess is that the title is N. G. and will be changed.

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The big merger of Metro and Goldwyn is one of the most important of recent happenings in the movie industry. Samuel Goldwyn and Marcus Loew should do colossal things together. Here's hoping!

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Dorothy Mackaill started her theatrical career by putting one over on her Pop. Her father, a Scotch doctor, saw her perform in the London Hippodrome one night, when she was supposed to be in school, and he almost caved in. She will be seen next in "The Child Bride," a Frank E. Woods production. Gossip has her engaged to George O'Brien, son of the Chief of Police in San Francisco.

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Harry Myers, who most of us think we see too seldom, has dated himself up to do an aristocratic villain for J. Stuart Blackton. There will probably be a bit of comedy in it, too.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"The Code of the Sea" has all the earmarks of being a good old rousing story of the sea. The kind most of us like so well. Rod La Rocque and Jacqueline Logan are the principals.

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When a little boy gets a "crush" on a cat, it generally means a rough time for friend cat. Yessir, a boy has a way of petting a cat that often results in one badly mauled puss. Not so with the feline that plays the part of Friday in "Little Robinson Crusoe," Jackie Coogan's latest. Cat after cat filed behind one another through the studio and licked their whiskers, played puss-in-the-corner and proved adept at everything but character roles. One day, Jackie spotted a likely looking specimen trapezing on the back fence of his house and he sneaked up on him until within range. Here's the conversation as near as we could get it. "Hey, look-a here, cat. How would you like to play Black Tom in a movie with me? How would you, heh?" The cat's forepaw pauses daintily in the air and he eyes the small boy suspiciously. He has vast experience with small boys. "Run away, small change, your director is calling you." "Here, puss! Here, puss!" coaxed Jackie. "Don't get fresh. You oughter see the nice mess of fish and catnip in my house for some enterprising cat who is ambitious to succeed in the movies." A couple of more promises did the trick and before long the pussy was legging it home on all four to get permission from the Mrs. She demurred a little at first and hated to think of her Hero in the arms of the beautiful young lady Angoras, but finally wagged her tale in consent.

The Reel Dope

The carpenters, prop men and cameramen are manifesting great interest in the filming of "How to Educate a Wife." So much so that they are surprised in all sorts of listening attitudes while Monte Blue and Marie Prevost do their stuff. Warner Brothers conducted an investigation and learned that all of them were married.

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That most dramatic of plays, "The Fool," is being filmed by the Fox people in New York and promises, according to reports, to lose none of its value in the transition. Two recent additions to the cast are Paul Panzer and H. J. Herbert.

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The Hodkinson picture, "Which Shall It Be?" stirred up plenty of fuss when it opened at the Cameo Theatre in New York and now there comes word that the title will be changed, in all subsequent showings, to "Not One to Spare." You'll get the idea when you see it.

◈ ◈ ◈

The coming Goldwyn release, "The Bandelero," whatever that is, boasts some Cuban exteriors that are said to be the first taken in the real interior of Cuba. Pedro De Cordoba, who recently played the title role in "The Jolly Roger" in New York, assisted by Renee Adoree and Gustave Seyffertitz, will do the honors.

Madge Kennedy is now giving her *Broadway* audiences a treat in the musical comedy, *"Poppy."* GRANT'

◈ ◈ ◈

Six short years ago, when the moving picture industry staggered around in swaddling clothes, Irene Rich was pulling down just 50 beans per week. But now—she's running a close second to Old Heinz, himself. Not bad, what?

◈ ◈ ◈

The title, "Divorce in Name Only," has been switched to "Love of Women," with Helene Chadwick and Lawford Davidson in the principal parts. Davidson just came back from Miami, where he played with Betty Compson. After serving as a Captain in the British Army, he found himself unable to memorize lines, so he left the stage for the films Mr. Bennett, director, declares he is sure to go far.

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Harlan Knight just finished a stiff scrap with the flu. He has resumed work in "Janice Meredith." Looks like we'll have to pull a wheeze about a "Knight out."

◈ ◈ ◈

Alfred Allen, now appearing in "A Girl of the Limberlost," knows a few. In addition to having been a university professor, editor, playwright, author and screen player, Allen has inventive ability. He has designed ordinary playing cards with Mah Jong characters. This reduces the cost of a set and gives it portability. Remember those lines of Oliver Goldsmith's: "The more we looked the more our wonder grew. That one small head could carry all he knew."

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We're getting all "steamed" about "The Bird of Paradise." Not only is the production to be made in Hawaii, famed for shredded wheat and ukuleles, but much deep thinking is being devoted to the selection of an actress to play the chippie.

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Contrary to popular opinion, the mere fact that a woman is beautiful, popular, talented and prominent is no reason to assume that all males will grovel at her feet in an orgy of adulation. Anna Q. Nilsson recently offered one the opportunity of being photographed with her and was flatly refused. His name is Eric and he is a police dog with a nifty pedigree. We next see Miss Nilsson with Ernest Torrence in Locke's "The Mountebank," being filmed now in New York. The book is an old favorite and so is E. T.

◈ ◈ ◈

There is an actor who declares that "it would break my heart to receive a fan letter." His name is Charles Chuck Reisner and he is a "heavy." Letters of appreciation from fans would be all wrong. Villains are supposed to be unpopular.

A Society Girl in the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

gleam of angry fire in his eyes. Instinctively I took a step to place myself between Marie and the onrushing man. But Edwardo ——— anticipated my move.

Before I realized it, he had grasped Slade by both wrists and was holding him fast in his tracks. The bottle fell to the floor and broke with a loud crash. In a moment the room was thick with the fumes of strong whisky.

"Jim Slade, you must be crazy. What have you been doing?" demanded the actor.

"He has been trying to kiss me—and——" Marie's words were interrupted by Edwardo.

"So, that's your way of treating my guest. Get down on your knees, Jim Slade, and beg her pardon," he thundered, jerking the man downwards. Under pressure of the big movie actor's strength, Slade apologized on his knees.

"Now get out of here, Jim, and don't ever come back until you are sure you can behave yourself," ordered the actor.

THE man got his hat and coat and slunk out of the room like a whipped animal. But in his eyes I saw the flaming madness of his humiliated being, and in that madness there lurked a sinister threat of a revenge that he would take as a coward takes it.

A silence fell upon us when the door closed behind his retreating figure—a silence broken only by the soft sobbing of Marie. I put my arms around her. In a few moments she had straightened up and was telling us how sorry she was to have made a scene.

"Please, Miss Lange," began Edwardo ———, "you have nothing to be sorry about. It is I who am sorry that this thing should have happened here in my place."

"It was not your fault. You—you were very wonderful to make him apologize," I murmured, glad to have witnessed his treatment of Slade. It was just another thing to prove that he lived by a man's code of life.

The unfortunate incident seemed to have shaken all of us, and I suggested that as it was getting on towards eleven, Marie and I had better be going. Mr. ——— insisted on escorting us home, but we compromised by letting him take us down to a taxicab. Even then I realized I would have to give the driver a fictitious address and correct him after getting away.

"Tomorrow is going to be a rather strenuous day for me at the studio," he said, as we went down in the elevator. "I have the big fire scene to go through. Of course, they have a man to double for me when it comes to dashing into the burning structure. I hate to let someone else take risks the company will not let me take, but it can't be helped."

His words gave me a sinking sensation, and brought a feeling of dumb misery to my heart.

Stuart Remington!

He was the man who was going to take the risk. I knew in that moment that my fight to keep the man out of my mind would fail during the hours to come. I knew that his image would be passing up and down in front of my waking and sleeping eyes all night. I knew that the echo of his voice would be with me . . . and that the vision of him kissing a woman would remain always to hurt some part of me that had never been hurt before in all my life.

I stepped into the cab, hardly realizing just how I told Edwardo ——— good night; hardly realizing that Marie got in and sat beside me; for my eyes were blinded to all else save the phantom face of a man I had known only two days.

ALL was hustle and bustle at the studio the next morning. A large number of new extras were in the building, and we were used in three different mob scenes. Although I repeatedly assured myself that I was not seeking a glimpse of Mr. Remington, I could not deny the fact that I read each face that passed me. If I had only been absolutely honest with myself, I would have admitted that I did this in hopes of catching a passing sight of him. But I was trying my best to bluff my way through with the determination to forget him.

At lunch time the assistant director announced that the fire scene would be shot in the lots adjoining the studio, after lunch. His words made me shut my eyes and shudder in apprehension.

"Those of you who wish to watch the scene will please be careful not to crowd the camera or the players too closely, as there may be danger from the fire," he said.

I resolved not to see the fire scene. I was sure that I could not watch the spectacle of Stuart Remington rushing into a flame enveloped building.

But as the people hurried out of the lunch room to the lot where the fire was to be filmed, I became dominated by an all-powerful wish to be near Stuart Remington, regardless of the fact that I might have to see him risking his life.

Swayed by this impulse, I rushed along with the excited crowd, listening to its incoherent babble, and wondering just what I would do if anything terrible happened to Remington. Of course there was nothing that I could do in such an event . . . that is, nothing for him. There was another woman . . . the one I had seen him kissing, who must own the claim of doing anything that could be done, I told myself.

Already a great throng had gathered on the lot to witness the thrilling shots of the fire. I pushed my way to the outside fringe, determined to see everything or nothing.

The three houses which were to be burned certainly looked real enough. There was nothing about them to suggest that they had been lately erected merely for the purpose of being burned down. I overheard a man, standing nearby, say that they had been built of beaver-board, canvas and very light kinds of wood. It was the painting that made them look so realistic, he said.

I counted at least eight lines of fire hose beyond camera range. Each line of hose was manned at the nozzle end by two men. I suppose this was a precautionary measure in the event the fire actually got beyond control. An entire block of paved street had been laid down in front of the house.

Mr. Roberts, the director, was standing in the middle of this street, gesturing and talking with his assistant, as Stuart Remington approached them. They shook hands with him, and all three men entered into a discussion, during which Roberts continually pointed to the middle building. A few moments later the trio walked over to this building, and disappeared through the front door. When they reappeared, the hero of the picture was with them. I noticed that he and Mr. Remington were dressed exactly alike.

About ten more minutes of talk and Roberts called the other players who were to take part in the scene preliminary to the outbreak of fire. He assigned their places in front of the house and told them what to do. The cameras were trained, and action commenced.

ONE incident of the scene that stuck in my mind was enacted at an upper window by the little girl who played the role of sister to the story's heroine. After the preliminary street scenes had been shot, she came to a fourth-story window, and leaning out, seemed to be begging the people below to save her. She went through this scene several times.

Later, I learned that the scenes in which fire and smoke were bursting out of windows below and around her had been pasted right next to the scenes in which the little girl called for help, thus gaining the effect of her being imperiled by the flames and fumes. This is a trick that all companies use.

After these scenes were taken, Mr. Roberts motioned the crowd to move back more towards the studio. As we surged backwards, the shrill blast of a police whistle rent the air.

"Now!" shouted the director.

A thin, wispy stream of blue smoke curled from the top floor of the house nearest to me. Suddenly it began to belch forth from other windows. Red, jagged flames spat their way out of the windows, like crimson, angry crimson snakes, half-hidden in the smoke.

A man, supposed to be walking casually along the sidewalk, sniffed the air, and looked upwards. He turned in his tracks, shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice, as he dashed down the street, presumably to turn in a fire-alarm. Other passers-by in the street took up the cry, and in a few moments faces appeared at all of the windows except those of the top floor of the middle house.

In a few seconds the scene was one of the confusion that follows in the wake of panic. People were rushing to and fro, shouting, gesticulating, and trying to carry off articles which they were bent upon saving from destruction.

The clang of the arriving fire trucks, and the screeching whistle of the smoking engines, speeded

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up the tempo of the scene until I felt certain that I was witnessing reality.

Police quickly cleared the sidewalks and the firemen went to work to check the spreading flames, which, by now, had leaped across the roof tops and enveloped all three of the houses. A piercing scream made chills run up and down my spine. I saw the heroine of the story look up towards a window of the middle house and throw out her arms in a gesture of beseechment. Then she started fighting her way through the police lines, still pointing to the window.

SUDDENLY Edwardo ——— rushed up to where the heroine was struggling in the arms of the police. He seemed to be asking what was the matter. The police pointed upwards to the top floor, where the flames were licking their greedy, destructive way. In a flash the star broke away from the group and dashed towards the burning building. Half-way to the door, he stopped in his tracks.

"REMINGTON!" shouted the director at the top of his voice.

I closed my eyes for a second.

When I opened them I was just in time to see the broad back of Stuart Remington speeding away from me, towards the open door, out of which clouds of smoke were pouring. Without knowing it, a gasp that was half a sob sundered my lips.

Moments passed.

The smoke and flames increased.

There was sudden agitation in the group of men comprised of the director, his assistant, the star and the cameramen. Two of the men pointed to the door through which Remington had disappeared. Before I could realize it, Edwardo ——— had started towards the burning building.

"Stop him!" shouted the director, above the hissing and snarling of the fire.

Policemen grasped the star and grappled with him to hold him. In that moment I knew what was the matter. Stuart Remington should have returned immediately from his dash into the burning building, but he had not returned! He was inside; maybe helpless in those flames!

My legs moved beneath me.

In a second I was tearing across the open space. There was no thought in my mind of danger . . . no thought of anything except Stuart Remington. On I ran, and so unexpected was my move that no one had a chance to stop me.

The smoke stung my nostrils, and choked the breath down into my chest as I crossed the threshold. I slowed down, closed my eyes to the burning smoke, and stumbled forwards in a hallway that was thick with the strangling fumes. A hot, searing sensation shot through my right arm. I opened my eyes wide enough to see a red spurt of flame nearby.

As I drew my arm in to nurse it, another bolt of fire shot out before me, and I closed my eyes, falling, as I did, over something on the floor. I felt my knees give way under me. It seemed as if I were being choked by fiery hands . . . down . . . down I went to the floor . . .

The fate of beautiful Natalie will be followed in next week's issue of Movie Weekly. Order your copy today.

I Want to Stay Married

(*Continued from page* 7)

to leave, I was offered a six months' contract, and this resulted in my giving up school and going in the pictures permanently. That was four years ago and I'm still in them."

She smiled as she finished and we thought how much of the schoolgirl she still was.

"And you're going to work together from now on?" we queried.

"Yes," answered Mr. Herbel." I gave up my job with Universal so we wouldn't have to be separated, and we're going back to Hollywood where I hope eventually to direct her."

Appropriate, too, we thought, for a husband to direct his wife, and, judging from her statement that she was a clinging vine, it really shouldn't be a hard task after all.

We wish them both luck.

They deserve lots of it.

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

the discriminating movie appraiser and the perceptive public, in general, who seek convincing delineation of themes suitable to adult intelligence. When this year's Autumnal Equinox trumpeted its entrance, it had for sonorous accompaniment the slogan: "A Better Movie Season"—or words to that effect. For a while there was every evidence of sincere effort along these esteemable lines and then we get something like "A Girl of the Limberlost." It is only one of the frequent late films that tend to eloquently exemplify the readiness of the producer to drag one foot in a rut.

Gloria Grey and Gertrude Olmsted are the lustrous facets, and Raymond McKee plays the stripling lover. We'll be brief: Kate Comstock has an ambitious daughter whom she hates. The girl loves moths and by selling them gains tuition for school. There she meets a wealthy snob whose beau is attracted to her. The mother grieves over the death of her husband until she learns that he was untrue. After that nothing happens. Oh, yes, there is one performance by drunken porcines that is excellent. The pigs reel around in true inebriated fashion. If there is any "ham" acting in the film, it is not done by the pigs!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"THE SILENT STRANGER"

Fred Thomson Good As Westerner

Previewed at Film Booking Office Studio, New York, and presented with a cast including Fred Thomson, Hazel Keener, Silver and others. Story by Marion Jackson. Released by F. B. O. A Harry J. Browne production.

Reviewed by Ned Goldschmidt

Your first thought after seeing "The Silent Stranger" probably will be "I wish I had a horse like that," for "that," Silver King, is an animal that is truly worth the one proffered kingdom. None of your awkward, palpably trained stunts, but intelligence so amazing as to make you wriggle your eyes.

Fred Thomson is our idea of the best looking man on the screen today, in fact, it would almost amount to a crime were it not for the volume his shoulders displace and his athletic dexterity. Mr. Thomson assumes the characterization of a "dummy" who rides into a small Western town just in time to be regarded with suspicion by the jumpy sheriff as a much sought after mail bandit. The position of Postmaster has been rendered very insecure as a result of this marauder's depredations and Dad Warner, the incumbent of the office, has been notified by the government of his dismissal unless they are halted. His daughter, Lillian, played by Hazel Keener, is engaged to a local politician (Frank Hagney), for whom she has little feeling of affection. Jack Taylor, the silent one, finds Warner's clerk acting a bit suspiciously and follows him into a trap laid very prettily on an unfrequented road.

It is while a prisoner of the bandits, who he discovers are led by the politician, that Thomson and Silver do their best work. Rather than dispose of the entire band single-handedly, or with both hands, as is usually done with a few well delivered round-house swings, Mr. Thomson overcomes them by guile and does it in a most diverting manner.

We won't spoil it for you by saying any more than that the end of the story lays no claim to originality, but is quite unexpected. There is an abundance of comedy relief in this picture and good comedy, too, with most of it furnished by the ex-thespian constable, who dramatizes every situation.

"The Silent Stranger" is a good Westerner and well worth your indulgence.

It's Not a Laugh It's a Scream

(*Continued from page 3*)

loid version of that story, which, by the way, was "The Bride of Lammermoor" when Scott wrote it, was passed.

"No profuse bleeding!" cries our sapient one. "Has anybody ever wanted to exhibit profuse bleeding to anybody!"

They have. We have had numerous pictures in which there were scenes of profuse bleeding, one in particular, in which blood ran out from under a door and far down the stage, and the body was found in a pool of blood.

Again, our critic pleads for abortion as a theme in moving pictures—scan the catalogue of what he would seem to want our "movie" entertainment to consist: Crime and criminality, childbed scenes, seduction, abortion, prostitution, drugs and the drug traffic, etc. Does "life" really appear to anyone to be so bounded?

We will leave to others reflection on his comment on "the well-known and stupid dignity of a judge" in requiring those in the court room to rise when the representative of the majesty of the law appears, and also his somewhat clouded reference, "the same is true of clergymen." We do not wish to suggest a connection between the catalogue previously referred to and this side-swipe at two classes of men whose professions are somewhat generally regarded as not being ignoble.

Come, then, to his assertion that Ibsen's "Ghosts" would be prohibited by the censors—which is just as true as all the other assertions he makes, and no more so; and so on to this gem: "It was under this astonishing prohibition that the censors refused to allow Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra' to be shown. 'No!' they cried in horror. 'No! No! No! Not until Antony and Cleopatra are married." There have been two versions of "Antony and Cleopatra" presented to this Board. One was passed, without changes, on September 24, 1914, and the other, without changes, on October 20, 1914.

ONCE more we come to what he "believes," or was "told." "I believe," he says, "it was in Pennsylvania that the censors deleted a sentence from an O. Henry caption which quoted a parrot as saying, 'Give him hell, Dickie!'" He is entirely too credulous. Before he goes into print he might ascertain that what he thinks he will say is unfounded if he made proper inquiry, so he makes none. Otherwise, he would have no story.

Another instance in which he mentions a story which would be banned, is just as unfortunate as all the others. This time it is "Treasure Island," which, of course, was passed. And so we come to another of the big laughs.

"If," says the writer of this nonsense, "the Pennsylvania censors will resign; if they will never try to regulate the business of other people; if they solemnly promise forever after to mind their own business; I herewith guarantee that: No American producer will show a picture of a man and woman in bed together."

In view of the fact that we have several times had to cut such a scene from pictures, this seems like a promise as rash as it is asinine in overlooking the fact that we are administering a law of the State of Pennsylvania and confining ourselves strictly to our own business and sworn duty.

And, now, for the greatest laugh of all. The standards which our writer has been pulling to pieces, the "shalls" and "mays" which he has been dissecting, while falling afoul of the verbiage, and upon which his entire attack is predicated, are not the standards of the present board of censors. "It is wholly possible for me to convict these censors of incompetence in their task by taking their regulations paragraph by paragraph, and exhibiting the loose thinking, the disjointed reasoning and total lack of definite terms in their own vocabulary," he says. "Be that as it may," to employ a Monroeism, our critic is yelping up the wrong tree, a fact he might easily have ascertained by applying to headquarters.

The present Board of Censors in Pennsylvania was organized in October, 1920. Its chairman is Harry L. Knapp, for thirty-five years dramatic editor of the Philadelphia *"Inquirer"*; its vice-chairman, Mrs. Edward C. Niver, widow of the editor and publisher of the Charleroi, Pa., *"Daily Mail,"* and now one of the principal owners of that newspaper; and its secretary, Henry Starr Richardson, the present writer, reporter and editor during his entire adult life, and for thirty-two years editor and publisher of a daily newspaper in Philadelphia.

There has been no re-publication by the State of the pamphlet containing the Act of May 15, 1915, Rules and Standards, etc., since 1918. The present Board has devoted itself to the actual work of censoring pictures rather than to bothering with standards. This it has done under the Act itself, which says that the censors "shall approve films, reels or views which are moral and proper; and shall disapprove such as are sacrilegious, obscene, indecent or immoral, or such as tend, in the judgment of the Board, to debase or corrupt morals."

The standards which have been torn to pieces in the article under discussion are printed in the pamphlet referred to, and were inherited by the present Board from a previous one. The present Board adopted a brief statement, contained in five paragraphs, covering the ground directly, but it has never been printed—censoring under the Act, as we have said, being regarded as more important than standards.

HENRY STARR RICHARDSON,
Secretary.

Blonde Wives in Demand!

(*Continued from page 10*)

printed a form letter, which read as follows:

"I thank you for the honor you bestow upon me by asking my hand, but I prefer to remain single."

I questioned several students of human nature in Los Angeles on the subject of proposals by mail.

"Why do people propose to the stars, when they must realize that such proposals cannot be accepted?" I asked.

"It is sex psychology," I was told.

Finally, I went to George Melford, one of the oldest and most prominent directors in the industry. I knew that he made it a business to know sex psychology. I knew that he kept a finger on the public pulse, so that he could use blondes when blondes were popular, and vice versa with brunettes. I asked him why blondes seemed to receive more proposals than brunettes.

"If it is true that they do," Mr. Melford replied, "I would lay it to the scarcity of blondes. It is the nature of man to want what he cannot have. There are fewer blondes, therefore they are harder to get. I believe that if blondes outnumbered the brunettes, the situation would be reversed.

"But the brunette cycle is in full sway in the stage and film industries," he continued. "I cannot recall when there has ever been such a shortage of light-haired women. This, by the way, ought to be cheerful news for the blondes who are just starting out in the motion picture business. When the blonde cycle returns again, they will be greatly in demand."

My secretary, to whom I am dictating this story, is a blonde. She has just whispered in my ear:

"Don't you think the blondes as a whole will become a little upstage after this story?"

To which I replied to her, and I pass the reply on to you who read this:

"Demand has made the blondes fickle. Statistics also show them to be the greater percentage of divorces. The brunettes make the best wives, men."

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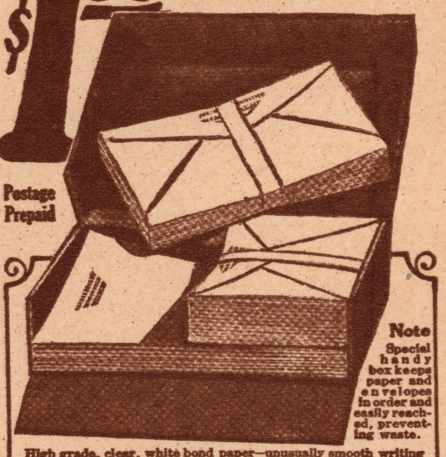

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Jack Dempsey Doffs Ring Togs—Dons Movie Make-up

(*Continued from page* 9)

rooms and bath. I asked him how he was training.

"Well, my trainer and I take a run of three miles every morning. We get up at six o'clock. I live at the Hotel Barbara in Los Angeles"—Jack owns that hotel, by the way—"and so I have to arise tolerably early. We go over to Hollywood, find a clear road somewhere, and trot the three miles. Then I come to the studio, take a shower, run over to Hollywood for breakfast, and come back and make up for my day's work.

"We try to get through with my scenes by five o'clock, in order that I may get in an hour or two's work at the gymnasium, where I punch the bag, practice shadow-boxing, and go through the rest of my routine. After that another shower, a rub-down, and home for dinner. I don't go out at night at all, except on Saturday or Sunday night, or occasionally to the fights at Vernon or the American Legion bouts in Hollywood. I have to get my rest and sleep."

I asked Dempsey what diet he was training on—whether he ate meat.

"Vegetables, mostly," he said, "not much meat, and no pastry. Of course, all the milk and fruit I want."

Dempsey, as a matter of fact, may take on a fight at any time, so he has to be in training.

And his contract is all to the good as far as he is concerned. Under its terms he is to fight at any time he pleases, and may take time off for his intensive training in preparation. Also, if by any chance he loses a fight, this fact is not to have any effect on his picture contract."

And after you have met Dempsey—well, you're going to pull for him strong every time he enters the ring!

His popularity is, I suppose, the widest of any fighter we have ever had as champion. He gets more mash notes from the girls than any matinee idol. He is always respectful, but they do say that he is Cupid-shy, or at least matrimony-shy. He was married once, and the affair didn't turn out happily. He says he supposes he will marry again sometime, but he says it very vaguely indeed.

Fifteen girls, no less, had called at the studio to see him, the day I was out there. But they weren't allowed on the set.

When he had finished his day's work, and was permitted to take off the "moonlights," we strolled over to where Alice Howell was doing a burlesque fight scene.

"Gee, she'll be the champion yet if I don't watch out!" exclaimed Dempsey.

And Esther Ralston herself is no mean boxer. She put up a few passes, very scientifically, at Dempsey, surprising him.

"We'll have our Kid Kitties and Battling Berthas yet!" he smiled.

Just then somebody brought Mr. Perrin, of a firm which makes a certain famous condiment, around to call on the champion.

"This," said the introducer, "is the man who makes the Worcestershire sauce!"

"Oh, yes," said Jack genially, "I train on that sauce!"

What Our Readers Think of Us

(*Continued from page* 23)

I am an ardent Valentino fan, and read with avidity his story of his trip abroad. I have always appreciated the policy of this magazine of giving Valentino a square deal during the period of his exile from the screen.

I am pleased to note that the continued stories are becoming fewer. I should hate to think that some of them present a true picture of life in the movies.

One more thing, I particularly like the paper on which movie Weekly is printed, since the photographs appear so much better.

In conclusion, Movie Weekly is a real magazine and is growing better constantly.

MISS THEO C. LIDDELL.

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My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(*Continued from page* 13)

responsibility for a young fellow and not a little honor.

Last year, because of his splendid work, he was decorated with the Cross of a Chevalier of the Crown, and that is a very great honor.

We embraced and I found him little changed. I have found that men change much less than women, with the years. Not only in terms of physical alteration, but their expressions, their points of view, the sort of aura or atmosphere that surrounds them. My brother, for instance, hadn't changed half as much as my sister in any way.

He thought that I had changed, but that was only because I was nothing but a boy when I had left home and had been away during the transitional years of the greatest change of all. When I left I had been quite short, and now I am towering above him.

After we had talked for a while, he took us over to the hotel, because his house was quite small, and not large enough to accommodate us all. We sat down in the hotel room until dinner time, talking . . . talking . . .

I shall go into that tomorrow. One of the last things I promised Natacha was that I wouldn't burn too much midnight oil over this diary. I shall keep the promise, though it is a temptation to go on.

Rudy will write more in next week's issue of Movie Weekly on his personal impressions in Campo Basso. Order your copy beforehand!

A Creator of Personalities

(*Continued from page* 11)

"She was wearing a man-tailored suit, a felt hat, a stiff collar, a man's tie and she was carrying a cane! I thought to myself: 'Not this!' but I said: 'Just let me have her for two or three days and I'll see.'

"At the end of the few days I returned her, as feminine a little lady as you ever saw. I think I had dressed her that time in rose metal brocade with fur and lace—lots of soft lace. Gloria's really at her best, you see, when she's the 'eternal feminine,' but she does so enjoy being mannish! You can see it cropping out all the time—'The Humming Bird,' for example.

"Still, Gloria expressed many characters while I had her. She had it in her and it was easy to design for her. Alma Rubens is like that, too.

"Myrtle!" Miss West called to her little maid, who appeared at once, like a genii from Aladdin's lamp. "Bring the 'Cytherea' gown, will you?"

It was a gorgeous thing of gold cloth and gold lace, twin trains of the lace falling from the shoulders, lavishly jeweled in sapphire, ruby and topaz—each jewel, it was explained, set on by hand—a garment for a queen, flashing, brilliant, colorful.

"Miss Rubens wore that. She set it off superbly."

The artist in clothes regarded her creation with justifiable pride. She herself looks so satisfyingly like an artist with her dark red, straight, bobbed locks and her eager blue eyes! Then she waved the robe away again, and Myrtle and the gleaming gown vanished.

"Did you see Norma Talmadge in 'Secrets?'" asked Miss West. "There's a girl I adore! I made everything for her, even the little panties and the wide skirt. Do you remember the scene where the skirt flies up? That was my idea, because she looked so sweet with the little ruffled panties showing! My grandmother used to tell me how she went to a party and her skirt did the same thing and how mortified she was . . .

"I wouldn't advise an artist to study commercial art if she is to make it a profession," she said, seriously, "for I never saw a commercial artist who wasn't a copyist. Get your own ideas and carry them out in your own way.

"I make a sketch first—and idea of what I have in mind—something that expresses to me the character I have read of in the script, as she would be interpreted by the girl who is to play the part. Then I buy the materials, take out the mannikin that belongs to the girl concerned, drape the fabrics on it—and cut!"

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